NATIONAL REVIEW

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January 28, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

White and Black in Africa

PETER DUIGAN and LEWIS HENRY GANN

The Bending of Human Souls

GERHART NIEMEYER

Onward and Upward with Adam Clayton Powell Jr.

AN EDITORIAL

Articles and Reviews by.....E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
FORREST DAVIS · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. · THOMAS MOLNAR
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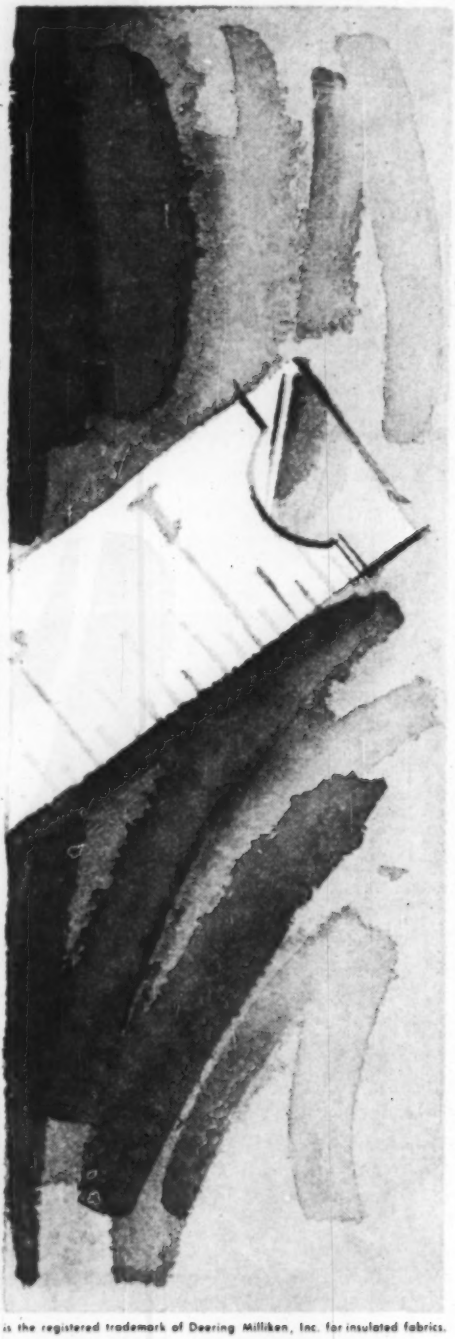

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We focus multiple attention on paramount chief Dag Hammarskjold's new realm, the darkening Dark Continent. **Peter Duignan** and **Lewis Henry Gann** examine Under Secretary Bowles' rising expectations concerning "the revolution of rising expectations," and find them lofted into an orbit around some other world than ours. Mr. Duignan is Curator of the Africa Collection at the Hoover Institution, Stanford University; Mr. Gann is Research Officer, National Archives, Southern Rhodesia. . . . Professor **Thomas Molnar** of New York's Queens College reports on the relation of France's masochistic Left to the latest moves in Algeria, key to Africa's north. Besides writing for NR and other American magazines, Dr. Molnar is U.S. correspondent for the Paris weekly, *National Française*. . . . **James Burnham** lifts the ideological veil to study the strategic pattern of the African whirlwind.

➔ A couple of years ago, **Abe Kalish,** who lives in the Washington suburb of Silver Springs, Md., told us of a school (Emerson Institute) half a mile from the White House, operated on the astonishing plan of making its pupils work hard on the basic subjects of a liberal (repeat, *liberal*) education. Now he raises some overlooked questions about the abandonment of the old practice of allowing bright pupils to skip grades, and thereby get into college a year or two ahead of the statistics. . . . Our bewilderingly peripatetic **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** signals from Mexico where he found the 150th anniversary celebration of Miguel Hidalgo's freeing of the slaves an occasion for thinking about Mexico's present freedoms.

➔ **Forrest Davis** considers President Eisenhower's appropriate finale, the White House conference on medical care for the aged. Mr. Davis covered the conference for **Brent Bozell** who is, alas, leaving with wife and eight children for Spain, to devote a year to finishing his book on the Supreme Court. But he will write regularly for NATIONAL REVIEW from there. . . . Professor **Gerhart Niemeyer**—who has himself written two of the most profound books on Communist mentality and belief—asserts that NR editor Frank Meyer's *The Moulding of Communists*, "should be ranked among the few that have really illuminated the phenomenon of Communism from within." . . . **Joan Didion** comes to judgment on four recent novels, and with her impartial sword divides the two black goats from the sheep. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** reviews the metaphysically refreshing presentment by "a great thinker *and* a great writer," Father John Courtney Murray, of those truths that we must hold. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** compares, without resort to an invidious sword, the recordings of Beethoven sonatas by Schnabel, Solomon, Gieseking and Serkin. ➔

The WEEK

● Out there in Iowa, the daughter of a bank president was arrested for embezzling $2 million from the local bank, which sum she dispersed in charitable activities. Out there in Washington, they say that what the people can't do, or do so well, for themselves, the government must do.

● In a 20,000-word interpretation of the new 81-nation Communist Manifesto, Nikita Khrushchev stated that the United States is the main "bulwark of world reaction" and "the enemy of the peoples of the world." Communism will soon reach its goal of "raising the Red flag over all the world." "Peaceful coexistence" means "a form of intense economic, political and ideological struggle between the proletariat and the aggressive camp of imperialism." Communist conquest is possible by such means, but will be carried out by open violence and war "if the ruling classes resist." Meanwhile, Communists support all "liberation" wars such as Lumumba's war against the West in the Congo, the Pathet Lao's war against the U.S. in Laos, and "the sacred war" of the FLN against France and the West in Algeria. We hope that President Kennedy was not too preoccupied with the inaugural ceremonies, and festivities, to have overlooked so frank an "exchange of views."

● *Footnote to History:* The press and public have overlooked the fact that the Republicans rolled up a larger popular vote for Nixon than the Democrats did for Kennedy. Kennedy's total includes 406,176 New York votes on the Liberal Party line; subtract these and you get a 293,375 Republican plurality over the Democrats (34,108,684 to 33,815,309). Even these figures are deceptive, however, since Kennedy's grand total (Democratic *and* Liberal), as published by the Associated Press, includes 318,303 from Alabama. Actually, Alabama voters elected six unpledged electors and five Kennedy-pledged electors. The figure of 318,303 is the highest vote given to any Kennedy-pledged elector, but the top unpledged elector received more than 324,000 votes. A more accurate way to record the Alabama vote would be to give only 5/11's of the 318,303—or 144,683— to Kennedy. Kennedy's total nationwide vote then comes to 34,047,865—60,819 *fewer* votes than Nixon's.

● Lester Pearson, erstwhile Canadian Foreign Minister and now leader of the Liberal Party in opposition, proposed to a party conference that the Liberals declare themselves in favor of Canada's withdrawal from NORAD (the joint U.S.-Canadian North American Defense Command). He expressed willingness to continue Canadian cooperation with the United States in warning networks, but demanded that Canada purge her soil of all nuclear weapons. Mr. Pearson will be remembered by a few for his long, warm association with the Institute of Pacific Relations in its Owen Lattimore days, his vigorous advocacy of UN membership for Communist China, and his patronage of Herbert Norman, who (as Canadian ambassador under Pearson's ministry) jumped to his death from the seventh floor of a Cairo hotel shortly after evidence on his Communist liaisons had been revealed by the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Pearson seems to be one of those persons who, just because they have never been able to make up their minds to *be* Communists, feel all the more compulsion to serve Communist interests.

● Moscow tells the world its new ruble is worth more than the dollar. Let's see. In Moscow you could buy (if you could find them) a pound each of white bread, sugar, butter, pork, hamburger, and cabbage, a dozen eggs, a quart of milk, a wool suit, an overcoat, a shirt, a pair of shoes, nylon stockings, a cotton house dress, a woman's coat, a television set, an automobile, a vacuum cleaner, toothpaste, and an electric razor, for 3,201 new rubles. If you bought the same list in New York, you'd pay 2,404 dollars. The Soviet claim is a little shy of the mark, but let's give them credit: they did their bit to make the ruble and the dollar equals. Let's hope the new President and his task forces won't finish the job.

● Jock Whitney, who dipped into his own pocket to finance official U.S. drinks at the Court of St. James's, comes home to tell us we should pay our ambassadors enough to cover the bills. An ambassador in every home, we say.

● THE NEW FRONTIER (Advance Showing?): Among agencies proposed during first week of the new session of Congress: National Peace Agency; Peace Corps; Youth Conservation Corps; Department of Urban Affairs; Joint Committee on Foreign Intelligence; Joint Committee on Intelligence Matters; Federal Advisory Council on the Arts; National Academy of Culture; Bureau of Senior Citizens; U.S. Office of Aging; Commission on the U.S. Science Academy; Department of Urbiculture; Department of Transportation and Communications; Federal Agency for the Handicapped; Commission on Federal Taxation; Commission on Educational Standards; Committee on Independent Unions; Center for Cultural and Technical Interchange Between East and West; Federal Recreation Service; Office

WHERE ARE THE BILLIONS NEEDED MOST?

For defense? For industrial growth—space research—highways—the prosperity and health of the people? Most Americans would answer, "For all of them."

And then comes the question, "Are there enough billions?" Much depends on whether the needs call for government billions that *come out of taxes*—or billions that will *produce taxes* to help pay for government spending.

An example of the latter is investment by the independent electric companies for new electric power capacity, one of the essentials in keeping America strong and growing. $50 billion is the amount that these companies and their owners plan to invest in the 1960's.

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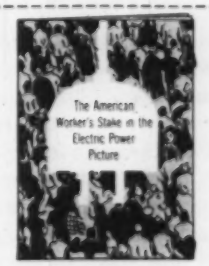

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● Presently before the Supreme Court is the claim of three Korean War turncoats who feel, or whose lawyers feel, that they are entitled to $9,200 in back pay from the Army. Each of the three was captured in Korea, each collaborated with the Communists in propaganda efforts aimed at their fellow prisoners, and each refused to return to the United States when prisoners were exchanged after the Korean armistice. They now argue that they must be paid for the period from the date of their capture to the date of their dishonorable discharges, which were given them when they refused repatriation. They base their reasoning on an 1814 law which says that "every [soldier] who is captured by the enemy shall be entitled to receive during his captivity . . . the same pay to which he may be entitled while in the actual service of the United States." The Government's contention is that the three men were not in captivity, because they were freely aiding the enemy, and were not in "actual service" because they were voluntarily serving the enemy. *Our* contention is that if we have reached a point where we not only forgive traitors without punishment and receive them back into normal civil life, but pay them for their time spent in active treachery, we're crazier than coots.

● Jack Kennedy has sold his stocks. In 1929 his father went him one better and sold short. As the old man would say, it pays to have convictions.

● Last year, with a Republican President, the Democratic Congress refused to pass a bill to increase the number of federal judgeships and refused to confirm a number of Eisenhower appointments to the bench. But we'll have action soon. This year, with a Democratic President, Emanuel Celler, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, has introduced a bill to increase by 63 the number of judgeships. Some benches are empty now; others will become empty because of retirements. In all, Attorney General Kennedy and his brother can fill 20 per cent of the federal bench with their own men during the next four years. It looks like a new definition of our historical method of checks and balances: Jack writes the checks, and we pay the balances. But history sleeps not, and in the flood of judicial appointments it will stand apart and say, As ye judge, so shall ye be judged.

● Heard last week in Washington, from four different Republicans who had labored for Nixon: (From #1): "Nixon's headquarters were so disorganized, you couldn't get through to him even if you had the most vital information to pass on. I estimate Nixon did not see his own campaign manager, Len Hall, more than a few times during the campaign." (From #2): "I never got very close to Nixon. I refused to submit to denazification proceedings for having liked Bob Taft." (From #3): "To get anywhere near Nixon or his group this summer required getting a State Department visa. Even Len Hall had a tough time. And on one of the rare occasions when he did ride the train with Nixon they gave him a 'Guest' badge to put on his lapel, and that's how they treated him." (From #4): "His defeat has taken all the wind out of Nixon. He is blue, helpless, paralyzed. He may never get over it completely."

● Boston Chamber of Commerce wants federal aid for Massachusetts railroads. To be financed by a tea tax on the outlying colonies?

On with the New

Washington . . . . Inauguration weekend. Flags, bunting, jostling crowds, top hats, uniforms, medals, a fife-and-drum band. Bubble-domed limousines, children edging through police lines, sidewalk hawkers. Stately women, and not so stately, in mink and sable, their escorts in white tie and tails. Yankee Doodle and Dixie, John Philip Sousa, and the nice looking old gentleman on the corner who salutes as the flag goes by. A sudden emotional catch. The final glimpse. . . . There they go, for the last time, Mamie with her bangs and her hopelessly youthful gowns, and Ike, erect, weather-beaten, balder than when he returned from SHAPE, off to Gettysburg for good—ninety miles by road, several light years in political distance from the hub of the galaxy which continues to be 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The sudden catch, all other sentiment aside, that a known and predictable element, as familiar as the Washington Monument or the Capitol Dome, is gone—to be replaced by . . . who knows?

It's clear—even now—that Kennedy's Washington will be different: vastly different from the Washington of the Eisenhower years, the Truman years or the Roosevelt years. Many of the men moving into positions of power, with Kennedy, like Kennedy, are young, from the new generation that fought the Second World War as junior, not general, officers. Democratic faithfuls and Democratic lame ducks, a handful of tame businessmen—these are included—but the tone, the coloration of the new Administration may be set by the heavy influx of intellectuals: college professors, directors of the big foundations, economists, the Left-ideologues, among them Har-

vard's finest—Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who helped polish (or did he write?) the Inaugural Address; John Galbraith who hopes to remold America into a society more affluently to his liking; McGeorge Bundy, and the rest. Washington will hum with big-name intellectuals, an often unstable breed that welcomes the chance to use the United States as a Social Science laboratory; able verbalizers, most of them, who have popularized their notions as FDR's brain trust was never able to do.

Gone, from Kennedy's Washington, the staid businessmen and army cronies who were, more and more, Eisenhower's intimates in his final years in office; gone the political hacks, the poker-playing, Bourbon-drinking friends of the Truman era. Jack Kennedy and his wife expect to bring more glitter to their capital city. Symbolically, 155 invitations for the Inaugural festivities went out to leaders in all artistic fields—to novelists and poets, playwrights, composers, artists, museum curators, to symphony directors. The Kennedys carry with them a whole new social ambiance, a sophistication lacking in recent years: decadent when it caters to the antics of the Sinatra-Sammy Davis clique, but authentic in its cosmopolitanism. It can be epitomized in the chic of Jacqueline Kennedy, of a woman so on top of style that a thousand Jacqueline Kennedys already stare out from newspapers and magazines, and probably soon from billboards. The Jackie Kennedy look may well be the Gibson Look of the sixties. Yes sir, there'll be some changes made now that JFK is making his home, in what may prove the appropriately beat words of the far-out song, in "that big white pad."

Neutral and Neutralist

Testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Dean Rusk, in a reply that was hailed by the Softs as a repudiation of a well-known "Dulles doctrine," shed much darkness over the concepts of "neutral," "neutrality" and "neutralist."

"Well," the now Secretary of State answered a senator's question, "I do not believe that we ourselves should be unduly concerned about what might be called the genuine neutralism. . . . I do not believe that we should insist that anyone who is not with us is against us; I do not believe we ought to ask commitments of a sort that would make it difficult for them to lead their own peoples in development. . . . Neutrality is not, to me, as serious a matter as some have supposed."

From the full text, even more confusing than these samples, it is quite impossible to understand what Mr. Rusk was getting at, if he was indeed aiming to get at anything more than a speedy end to the token hearirgs on his confirmation. If he meant merely that reasons of geopolitics, history and strategy, in some cases and for certain periods, dictate that nation *X* or nation *Y* maintain an official posture of military neutrality, well and good. So Austria and well-armed Switzerland, two cohesive, hard-working, solvent nations that are formally neutral—and at the same time, let us add, decided assets of the West.

If, however, Mr. Rusk meant to approve the "neutralist" attitude of the governments of a Guinea or Indonesia, with their professed refusal to "judge" between the merits of Communism and anti-Communism, and their habit in practice of yielding to the demanding pressures of Moscow as they exploit the undemanding gifts of Washington, then it is hard to see what Mr. Rusk thinks his mission as Secretary of State is supposed to be. Granted, it is not sensible for us to ask small, vulnerably-placed nations to commit suicide by staging provocations against Russia or China. Still, it is surely the job of our foreign office to do its damnedest to swing the opinion and weight of all nations—Iron Curtain nations included, for that matter—against our enemies and toward our side of the world power equilibrium.

Either Mr. Rusk was speaking carelessly, as it is easy to do under the strain of questioning, or he was informing all the world's governments that they

have nothing to gain from lining up with the United States, and nothing to lose from deserting the United States. This is an invitation to which the new Secretary of State, if he does not qualify his remarks before he is much older in office, may get a rush of acceptances.

Our Eyes Are on You, Jack

What Pericles said of the Athenians has long been true of this commonwealth: "We do not imitate—for we are a model to others. . . ."

I have been guided by the standard John Winthrop set before his shipmates on the flagship Arabella 331 years ago, as they, too, faced the task of building a new government on a new and perilous frontier.

"We must always consider," he said, "that we shall be as a city upon a hill—the eyes of all people are upon us."

Today, the eyes of all people are truly upon us—and our government, in every branch, at every level, national, state and local, must be as a city upon a hill—constructed and inhabited by men aware of their grave trust and their great responsibilities. . . .

When at some future date the high court of history sits in judgment, . . . our success or failure . . . will be measured by the answers to four questions:

First, were we truly men of courage . . . ? Secondly, were we truly men of judgment . . . ?

Third, were we truly men of integrity—men who never ran out on the principles in which they believed . . ., men whom neither financial gain nor political ambition could ever divert from the fulfillment of our sacred trust?

Finally, were we truly men of dedication—with an honor mortgaged to no single individual or group, and compromised by no private obligation or aim, but devoted solely to serving the public good and the national interest?

From the address of John F. Kennedy, then President-elect, to the Massachusetts legislature, Jan. 9, 1961

On January 29, in New York's Commodore Hotel, at six o'clock of the evening, a Committee of One Thousand is tendering a Testimonial Dinner to the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, congressman from upper Manhattan, chairman in the new Congress of the House Education and Labor Committee, known widely in the city that he has made his own for his impeccable tailoring, spanking cars, splendid voice, loyal secretaries, his tendency to amnesia on the witness stand, and for the genial impartiality with which he distributes his favors among changing wives and political parties.

The aptness of the selection for chairman of the sponsoring committee was quickly confirmed when he—Mr. Angier Biddle Duke, that is—was chosen by the new President for an analogous post, as Chief of Protocol with the rank of Assistant Secretary, in the State Department. The three principal speakers, who will perform the ritual of Dr. Powell's sanctification, will be Arthur Goldberg, Secretary of Labor in the new President's Cabinet; Abraham Ribicoff, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in that same body; and Mayor Robert Wagner, who at San Francisco joined Carmine De Sapio to deliver New York's votes to John F. Kennedy, and is currently favored candidate to head the proposed Department of Urban Development. Mr. Sammy Davis Jr., gay rodent in the Sinatra-Lawford Rat Pack (as it has long been known to lesser mice of café society), will be on hand, presumably keeping an eye, fresh from

COLUMNIST ADAM CLAYTON POWELL JR., in "The Soapbox," published by Editor Adam Clayton Powell Jr., in the Communist-line paper, *The People's Voice*: "Negro-Americans admire and feel close to the Soviet Union. We are impressed by Russia's complete abolition of racial discrimination, by the Job, Health and other forms of social security which the USSR guarantees to ALL of its nearly 200 million people, and by its consistent fight to destroy fascism and free the colonial peoples. Negroes, therefore, generally avoid the anti-Soviet traps set by the imperial war-makers." "This week [Jan. 15, 1944] I congratulate the fighting people's paper, the *Daily Worker*, on the achievement of its twentieth year of a consistent battle for mankind's rights."

THE REVEREND ADAM CLAYTON POWELL JR., dispensing the quality of mercy: "The best thing that could happen would be the passing of . . . the white man's world [which] has stood for nationalism, racism, militarism, oppression and barbarism." "The sooner Martin Dies [then chairman of HUAC] is buried, the better. He is one of the few people in history whose body has begun to stink before it died. . . . There is only one place fit for him to live and that's Hitler's outhouse. . . . The death of Dies is just as important as the death of Hitler."

HARLEM POLITICAL BOSS ADAM CLAYTON POWELL JR.: "Dewey is now [1948] the Crown Head and indebted servant of the worst anti-American, isolationist reactionaries ever to come on the scene. . . . Dewey and those who voted to support him in the race for the Presidency hate Negroes, democracy, the President, and progress. . . . They are the fullest expression of Southern Bourbon crackerocracy and domestic fascism." "Adlai Stevenson is a slave to America's column of native fascists [and Negroes who support him in 1956] are traitors to their race." "Mr. Kennedy's record on race relations [as seen early in 1960] is bad for a man from Massachusetts." "Mr. Kennedy [as judged late in 1960] has my full, all-out support."

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the Pack's $1.5 million inaugural fiesta, on the lighter side of the evening. It has not yet been announced whether the high point of the celebration will be a telegram from the new Attorney General, brother to the eloquent and unmortgaged scion of Pericles and John Winthrop now building his model city on a hill, revealing that the Justice Department has quashed the indictment charging Dr. Powell with income tax evasion.

The "Powell Testimonial Committee" will issue tickets, at $12.50 each, to all men of courage, judgment, integrity, dedication, and strong stomachs.

Come Get Your Dollars Here

The task forces appointed by Mr. Kennedy have filed their dispatches on this dying land of ours—on our ruined economy, health, agriculture, housing, education, depressed areas, public works, defense and foreign aid. Each sounds a single trumpet call, Forward!—to more spending, more controls, more centralization.

Item. Another $1.5 billion for health.

Item. Another $2 billion for education.

Item. Another $2.5 billion for foreign aid. . . . .

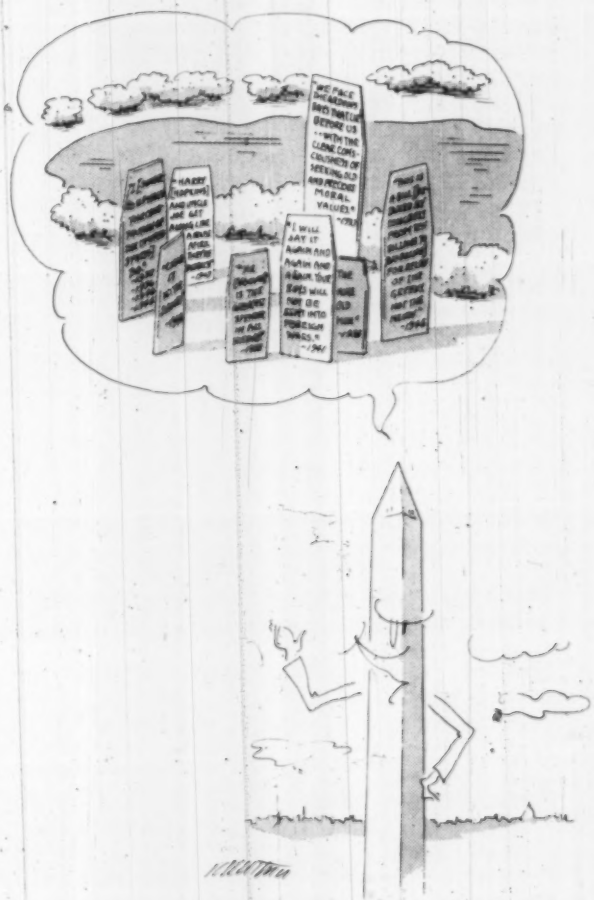
All told, the several recommendations (we have added them up) would increase the Federal Government's spending by $14 billion a year: on top, of course, of the miserly $81 billion budget requested by Mr. Eisenhower.

It is hard to reconcile a pledge to defend the value of the dollar with a program to spend dollars as if they were water. And it will take more than a morganatic marriage of Harvard economists and MIT computers to prove that such a program isn't exactly what will keep gold draining from our vaults.

Will They Ever Learn? No. Of Course Not!

In the current issue of *Harper's* Magazine, the editor, Mr. John Fischer, pronounces judgment on the dispute between Mr. Kenneth Tynan and Senator Thomas Dodd which had to do with whether the Internal Security Subcommittee had any business calling Mr. Tynan to Washington for questioning. (See "The Ordeal of Kenneth Tynan," NR, Oct. 22, 1960.) Mr. Fischer, *mirabile dictu*, is all on the side of Mr. Tynan—whose passionary he published to begin with. The editor of *Harper's* admonishes Senator Dodd: "A little forethought should have warned him that journalists are likely to write about such experiences—with highly damaging results to America's reputation. It is fortunate that Mr. Tynan's article was published in this country rather than abroad, where the repercussions almost certainly would have been much worse."

We defy anyone, anywhere, to find two sentences as full of humbug. a) If it is a pity that journalists write about such experiences, then it is a pity that journals should publish those writings. b) The Tynan caper, after publication of the *Harper's* story, got a tremendous play in the European press—much more than it would have gotten if it had been published abroad in one of those little papers that specialize in printing anyone's grievances against the United States. c) Mr. Fischer's concern for the reputation of the United States has never prevented him from contributing to false impressions about it; as when during the McCarthy years he encouraged the impression that we lived under a reign of terror; when



FDR's Famous Sayings, on Cluster of Perpendicular Tablets, Wins $50,000 Award for Best Design for Roosevelt Memorial
—news headline

"I've been kidding with some of the other memorials around the Tidal Basin about how the proposed new member is going to work out, and we came up with a few guesses."

For the Record

Nelson Rockefeller giving behind-the-scenes support to Sen. Case and Liberal Republican forces in their effort to blitz GOP organization in New Jersey and run former Sec. of Labor James Mitchell for governor. A strong Liberal Republican delegation from New Jersey could be vital for Rockefeller in '64. (Though some Republican Liberals, suspicious of Rocky, see Case as a possible replacement.) . . . Sen. Javits beaten down in his attempts to bypass seniority rules, when Republican senators passed out committee assignments last week. . . . Sen. Schoeppel (Kans.) succeeded in shifting from Agriculture to Appropriations Committee. . . . Front-running paperback best-seller of last six months (N. Y. Times list) was Sen. Goldwater's Conscience of a Conservative.

New U.S. team at United Nations reported ready to "match" Russian gifts of food to alleviate famine in Red China. UN Ambassador Adlai says Peiping may get membership this year. Prediction or promise? . . . Hong Kong reports a disastrous explosion last month at Red China's nuclear research center. Sources say 200 persons killed; China's atomic bomb project set back at least three years.

A newsman, just back from Congo, says some detachments of UN troops there demanding and getting $80 per day in addition to regular army pay. . . . Industrial production in the six Common Market countries up 12 per cent in 1960 over 1959. . . . Official Czech Communist Party paper reports 90 per cent of land in East European satellites (excluding Poland) now collectivized. . . . British unions sent $224,000 in interest-free loans to Belgian strikers. . . . Peru outlawed Communist Party after raid on Cuban Communist headquarters in Lima disclosed plans for subversion of Peruvian Government.

Drew Pearson outraged that Gen. Charles Willoughby, Gen. MacArthur's former chief of intelligence, given job on Inaugural Committee on Decorations. . . . In first Guinean presidential elections, Sekou Touré got all but 137 of 1,055,912 votes cast (that's better than Adam Powell does in Harlem).

(most recently) he encouraged the notion, put forward in the pathologically insensitive account by C. Wright Mills, and featured in his magazine, that the U.S. is responsible for the excesses of Fidel Castro.

We warrant that neither Mr. Fischer, so troubled by the prospect of an ugly American image abroad that he can't wait to make it uglier, nor Mr. Tynan, so troubled lest America escape having an ugly image abroad, will bother to comment on last week's revelation: which instantaneously took *all* the gas out of the *Harper's*-Tynan position. It will be recalled that the Fair Play for Cuba Committee had been formed to protest the handling of Cuban news by the American press. The Senate Internal Subcommittee had reason to suspect the Committee was a camouflaged ("black") front of Castro himself, *i.e.*, that Castro was operating in America under cover, as his own publicity agent. If that were so, his agents in America, if they failed to list themselves as such, would be violating the Foreign Agents Registration Act—which in any case, might need revision, to catch up with modern ways of evading it.

How to conduct an investigation without investigating? Only the American Civil Liberties Union knows the answer to that question. The Senate Subcommittee does not, and invited down a cross section of the signers of the Fair Play Committee to ask what they knew about the Committee's hidden auspices. Tynan said—indignantly, one is given to suppose—that he knew nothing; and, one gathers from his excoriation of the senators, that in any case it was preposterous to assume that the Fair Play Committee was financed by other than spotless Americans protesting the enormities of their imperialist press in its coverage of Cuban progress.

Last week the revelation came: two-thirds of the cost of the Fair Play Committee's ad in the *New York Times* was paid for, in cash, *by the son of Castro's ambassador to the United Nations*. It is too much to hope, alas, that the high Liberals who signed that ad will blush in mortification as they realize how they have been had: how they were gulled parties to a disingenuous effort by Castro's government to give the impression that American and foreign friends of Cuba, on their own initiative, banded together to protest the outrageous truths that have been published in the American press. Well, well. It could only happen to the same kind of people in the current political spectrum who were taken in by Paul Hughes; and one can predict that the Tynan set will be as silent about Fidel Castro's Committee for Fidel Castro, as the Joseph L. Rauh set was about the little confidence man who had Rauh, the *Democratic Digest*, and the *Washington Post* hopped up on fabricated anti-McCarthyana for a whole year running.

RIP, Mrs. Paterson

(A Personal Reminiscence)

Last week, Mrs. Isabel Paterson died, in relative obscurity, in New Jersey, probably 75 years old (no one knew for sure), to the end bitterly resentful of three things: the failure of Americans to realize what made America great; the failure of Americans to realize what they must do if America is to keep on being great; and the failure of Americans to realize just how great a person she was.

And she was, for all her temperamental shortcomings, a great woman, who raised herself from obscurity (she was a banker's secretary as a young girl) to become a terrifying book columnist (she wrote, signed I.M.P., "Turns With a Bookworm" for the *Herald Tribune* for thirty years) until (they said) she retired, or (she said) was fired. During those years there was no fresher or more acerbic voice in the business. During those years she also put together a book of theory, *The God of the Machine*, using the terminology of science to make a fresh inquiry into the causes of the wealth of nations. "I have written," she described it once, in a letter to me, "a book, the *only systematic* explanation, or theory, or principles, of capitalism. There just isn't any other. . . . It is unique and indispensable to your purpose." Now it is all but forgotten. And she never forgot, or forgave, the neglect of it, particularly by those whom it was particularly designed to save.

Mrs. Paterson, whom I met in the course of founding NATIONAL REVIEW, could be intolerably impolite, impossibly arrogant, obstinately vindictive. During the last two years she did not speak to me, and we did not exchange a single note. That was because I refused to run a piece by her without effecting certain cuts. She was indignant. "It's the first time I have encountered it anywhere. Poor Will Cuppy once complained of Mrs. Van Doren cutting his stuff. Someone asked 'Do you mean she cuts out the point?' He said: 'She does when she sees it.' The same could be said of your designs on my piece. If you haven't got space for what I write, I see what you have got space for, and have no mind to argue the matter. As General Nathan Bedford Forrest said, 'I tole you twicet, goddamit, no.'" She never wrote me again. I accepted my pariahhood with resignation, joining the company of all but the two or three people with whom that awesomely talented lady consented to speak in the last years. I never got really sore at her, and I don't think she was really sore at me: she was just living up to her principles, which were that you should be generally unpleasant to almost everybody.

Isabel Paterson was especially angry at the capitalist community in this country; angry because she thought it had become epicene, ineffectual, and very, very ignorant. She referred with scorn to such conscientious efforts to do something about it as the founding of the *Freeman* in 1951. "Really, that sort of handout reminds me of nothing so much as a lot of Tierra del Fuegans gnawing at the carcass of a stranded whale, the carcass of capitalism." John Chamberlain tried to get Mrs. Paterson to write for the *Freeman*, at the same rate that other writers were to be paid. She absolutely refused, demanding ten cents a word. "He persisted in repeating the 'offer' to me, several times. I was, to put it mildly, annoyed. If you tell a man he is insulting you, and he repeats and repeats the terms, evidently he must *mean* to insult you. . . ." A few weeks later I sent her a form letter, addressed to everyone with whom I had been in touch about the enterprise, asking if she would care to contribute to the capital fund necessary to launch NATIONAL REVIEW. "Dear Mr. Buckley: A few years ago I might have said I'd seen everything. I don't think so now; I'm sure there is more to come, though I can't guess what, in regard to myself. But it will certainly have to be sumpn out of this world to tie the latest surprise. Which is, the revelation that what a capitalist wants from *me* is money! Sorry, no dice. . . ."

Use her money to capitalize a venture which would pay that money to ex-socialists? "Oh no, I will see them in hell first, and that's no joke. Also a great many people feel just as I do, I am sorry to say. The others won't bother to tell you. If I were not, as I told you before, the most goodnatured woman alive, I wouldn't take this much trouble—much less would I explain further that I do feel kindly toward you and think you'll make it [launch NATIONAL REVIEW] just the same. . . ."

And she did feel kindly, and I was grateful, even after it had become clear that one *couldn't* work with her, though when she did write, and I got a few pieces out of her, she was often superb, as in her rhapsodic review of Lecomte du Noüy (Jan. 4, 1956), her remorseless but brilliant analysis of the testimony of Dr. Oppenheimer ("The Oracles Are Dumb," May 23, 1956), and her much-reprinted persuasive examination of how to teach children how to read ("Learning to Read: Child's Play"). I missed her wise and dyspeptic letters in the years when she cut me off, and hope someone will in the next few years put together a volume of some of her random writings: to which I should be glad to contribute a fat file, full of acid and ill humor—and brilliance and wisdom. If I go wherever she is, when I leave this vale of tears, I expect she will be there at the gates, with a bill, 10 cents a word, for every word quoted from her in this aggrieved obituary notice.

—WFB Jr.

National Trends

Pap for Senior Citizens

FORREST DAVIS

Mary Pickford said it. The most admired of the 2,600-odd citizens attending the organized wallow of condescension known as the White House Conference on Aging, Miss Pickford, chic, trim, her lovely features alight at 67 with concern for her fellow "senior citizens" (a mincing term), remarked that in governmental care for the ailing elderly "we're 40 to 50 years late." The "America's Sweetheart" of our nascent dreams meant this in one sense. Those with an acuter understanding of the evolving social scene than Miss Pickford's colleagues among the social workers, demagogic politicians, labor leaders and susceptible laymen running the deliberations of the conference put another meaning to her bit of rue.

To the latter it seems that the panels of the slatternly titled Conference on Aging were indeed behind the times; that they were applying with slick sentimentality a hasty, patronizing and paternal solution to problems more co-eval with the times of William Howard Taft.

A half century ago few American workers outside the civil services and the railroads enjoyed the boon of pensions. A pension system is now imbedded in virtually all private corporations. Health insurance was virtually unknown. Now more than 60 per cent of all Americans are covered by such policies. The sale of retirement annuities was in its infancy. For the indigent aged the county poor farm was the characteristic haven. Churches, unions, fraternal orders and private, but subsidized, builders had not got around to providing apartments and community cottages by the multiplied thousands at graduated rentals or purchase prices for those enjoying, in social worker argot, their "golden years." (One Los Angeles church alone has converted seven apartment houses and hotels into low-cost housing for aged persons.)

As individuals, private and societal agencies along with the slender reed of social security have been overhauling the problem of human need among the gaffers and crones (bless 'em), the Meddlesome Matties of the social sciences have sensed another device to deprive the worker of his just reward.

According to expectations, the Conference on Aging followed the immutable law of all such benevolent gatherings. Its mood, although no general vote was taken, embraced the thesis of President Kennedy, organized labor, the Left in all its shadings, the social science faculties and the President's task force headed by Prof. Wilbur Cohen of the University of Michigan. That thesis being, however it strains your credulity, that all persons 65 years old or over, rich, well-off or poor, employed, practicing professions or trades, running businesses or farms, or disabled, are to become the beneficiaries of subsidies extracted from workers and their employers to pay the expenses incident to illness.

The fact that a majority of "senior citizens," probably quite sizable, has no need of such a handout, to which none will contribute, does not weigh with the Wilbur Cohens. Nor does the estimate that two million of the elderly, perhaps those with the highest incidence of indigence, are uncovered by social security.

Nor did the conference consider the almost certain politico-economic consequences of these unearned grants-in-aid. For "senior citizens" are not the only Americans who find it difficult to meet medical expenses. If the worker is to bestow these benefits involuntarily upon the aged, why not look out for himself by tapping the same till? It stands to reason, doesn't it? Why not take another whack at the worker's dollar to provide all social security enrollees money for the doctors' bills?

The sensible and considerate individual's objections to the tenor of the Conference on Aging and the President's determination to push this scatter-gun solution through Congress are not based alone on the vista of ever-wider welfarism, the intimations of socialized medicine and the matter of equity involved in directly taxing the many for the benefit of the few. If ever a great public policy was arrived at in the dark this is it. There exist no trustworthy statistics as to the human need with which it purports to deal. We know from census reports that there are some 16.5 million Americans 65 or older. How many are at work, full- or part-time; how many have sufficient funds, how many are pensioned or enjoying annuities, how many cared for by willing and able relatives, how many have health insurance—all these highly relevant breakdowns are undisclosed.

Two impressions could be derived from the conference proceedings. The first, that those Americans 65 and older are prevailingly an undifferentiated parcel of derelicts, living meanly, racked by aches and pains not now alleviated, yet far too proud to apply for what one speaker denounced, amid cheers, as "charity medicine." He was deploring the means test written into the health bill for the aged passed by the last Congress. Yet "charity medicine" is as old as medicine. The first hospitals in the West were established for the poor by charitable foundations. But in the "age of modulation," no American can be expected to endure the "humiliation" of admitting that he cannot pay for getting wall out of his private purse although he can accept without qualm the money of other people after it passes through the hands of the publican.

The second impression is one of rather gross condescension for fellow citizens who have passed their 65th milestone. Underlying it all was the tacit assumption that Americans full of years and experience have lost their capacity for choice. Henceforth they may be expected to become wards of the Federal Government, their habitats built to bureaucratic taste, recreation worked out by formula, diet regulated, all to the end that, as a silly "bill of rights" issuing from one panel put it, they may "die with dignity." The next step for "senior citizens" is to colonize them on reservations and, after that, perhaps euthanasia.

The Third World War

The African Shambles

JAMES BURNHAM

The West's retreat from Africa is already a rout, and will soon be a catastrophe.

What is Africa in world geography? The northern littoral of Africa is the southern flank of Europe, as the Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals and Arabs knew in their day as well as the Russians in ours. Northeast Africa is the gateway to the land bridge between Asia and Africa. East Africa is the western flank of the Indian Ocean. South Africa is the *point clef* for the channels between the Indian and Atlantic oceans, critical for East-West sea and air world communications in the southern hemisphere, for Australasia and the Antarctic. Africa's central regions are an essential staging point for air communication in the equatorial and southern latitudes, and the North-South line from Europe. West Africa is the eastern flank of the Atlantic, with the western bulge suspended over the Caribbean and Brazil.

Burnham

Economically, Africa is already the source of enormous quantities of gold, diamonds, copper, uranium, cobalt, thorium, bauxite, cocoa, gas, oil, wine, cotton; and its potential as both producer and market has scarcely been touched.

The great statesmen and strategists of Europe's past understood Africa's geography. The strategic framework that they built stood intact as recently as General Eisenhower's inaugural day. The West still manned the gate, at Port Said, Suez, Aden, protected by a far-flung network of posts—Cyprus, Jordan, Dahran, Oman, Kuwait, on into Iraq and Persia right up to the enemy's formal boundary along the Caucasus. Newly strengthened positions, with mobile reserves, watched on the East, from Kenya, Tanganyika, the Rhodesias. The southern pivot was firmly held, strongly manned and armed. In the center of the west coast, Portugal and Belgium guarded the ports, river and land transport, and vast new air bases. The French held the crucial positions on the western bulge (Casablanca, Dakar, Conakry) supplemented by the British at Accra. Gibraltar, backed by Malta, Minorca, Toulon, anchored the northern line held from Tangier to the Jebel by the Spanish and French. Its decisive center was the Europeanized strip of Algeria—Oran-Algiers-Constantine—with the hinterland stretching down through the sand-ocean of the Sahara into the continent's heartland.

Flight of the West

That brilliantly-conceived structure intact, just eight years ago! Today, it crumbles toward total dissolution.

If we are to have any chance for salvage, then we have got to *see* clearly what is happening; to see the main thrust as the chroniclers of a thousand years from now, writing of our time as *we* write of Rome and the Caliphate and the Golden Horde, will see it. To see, we must purge our minds of the ideological drivel about "liberation," "fresh winds blowing," "awakening," "equality."

What we see, if we are willing to look, is ourselves—us men of the West—fleeing headlong, beaten, panic-struck, fleeing as the defeated fled before Genghis, Alexander, Pompey, Caesar: fleeing in thousands, in tens and hundreds of thousands, our weapons spiked or abandoned, our homes looted, our property smashed or stolen, our women raped, our children brutalized: fleeing from Egypt, from Tunis and Morocco and the Congo, from Algeria, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda. Our giant warships turn and flee from the harbors; our superb warplanes flee from the great fields built by our talents and wealth; our intricate guns are pulled from their emplacements; our soldiers get their command: Retreat!

But a grateful, progressive Free Africa is going to be a surer bulwark than the old bitter colonial Africa. . . . The UN will keep Africa from becoming a cold war arena . . . There is plainly no limit to the nonsense men can believe. Are fanatic Arabs, guided by Moscow's agents, piloting Russian planes, driving Russian tanks, sailing Russian submarines, then, better security for the Suez gateway than Britain's men and weapons? Is a Russian submarine base at Conakry sounder protection than a French proconsul? Will Ferhat Abbas and the FLN assure our deterrent arm more firmly than the Moroccan bases from which our planes are now withdrawing? How will the Indian Ocean flank look with the Mau Mau in the Kenya saddle?

What Are the Odds?

How can a UN in which the Afro-Asians, even without the Soviets, have the biggest bloc, be defender of the West? If Belgium and her allies cannot, or will not, hold the Congo, will the armies of Ghana, Ethiopia, Mali, Egypt and Indonesia hold it for them? The Africans estimate correctly what has happened in the Congo: a Western surrender under a UN smoke-screen.

But the odds are too great? How can we hold out when they are five and ten and twenty to one against us? The statistics are in the first place false. Kenyatta-Mboya's Mau Mau, Abbas' FLN, Lumumba's cannibals, and their Moscow guides, have always directed the most part of their terror against not Europeans but their own fellows. They did so because they knew that the majority of Africans have been either indifferent or positively favorable to a continuing European predominance.

But the statistics are of no importance in any case. Cortez conquered the Aztec kingdom with 600 men. When Francisco Pizarro drew the line of no return in the sand of the isle of Gallo, there were just thirteen who crossed with him, to launch the conquest of the Empire of the Incas.

To stem the African tide, our new President has named as champion for the West: Soapy Williams.

Letter from Central America

Socialism Sí, Communism No

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

It is a moot question whether Mexico is part of Central America or whether it actually lies in North America. In any case—and the rabid anti-Hispanism still propagated and fostered by the government notwithstanding—it is a Hispanic nation. Its official name after the Conquest was "New Spain," and I still remember my first awakening in Mexico City, two years ago, when the shout of the lottery ticket vendor *Para Hoooo-y!* struck my ear—the self-same words one would hear in any Spanish city.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

In Britain or in the United States the street cries are very different, and in spite of the leftist-indigenous slogans of the ruling PRI (Institutional Revolutionary Party), it is precisely the official anti-Hispanic line which makes it evident that the pseudo-Aztec counterrevolution has come to the victorious termination reached by the ideas and ideals of 1776. One does not attack what one does not fear or respect. The monuments left in North America from the wicked colonial period are few and far between, whereas the Spaniards, immediately after their arrival and conquest, started their rule with a cultural and artistic explosion, replacing a culture which—in spite of its obvious darkness, inhumanity and horrors—left no mean achievements.

In the wider surroundings of Mexico City one finds wonderful churches and monasteries, some of them dating back to the late Renaissance, some even (like the monastery church at Acolmán) still showing distinct Gothic traces. The Aztec, Toltec and Mayan remains certainly pale beside the Spanish heritage and the accretions ever since.

Still, I marveled in Guadalajara's Government Palace at the Orozco mural. It represents Miguel Hidalgo declaring slavery null and void in December 1810 and, interestingly enough, also shows symbolical figures of Nazis and Communists—synthesized, monstrous men wearing swastikas and red stars, who are egged on by men combining the features of Hitler and Stalin. I do not know when this slightly hysterical work was completed, but it is quite unique (and from a Marxist viewpoint quite unorthodox) in its interpretation of more recent events.

Hidalgo, one must remember, was a Catholic priest whose ecclesiastic standing is still a matter of minor debate, but today the Church in Mexico shows an unabashed inclination to cash in on the status of that Great Liberator. Orozco's mural depicts him in correct priestly attire, which today would probably cause him to be fined, since a veto on clerical garb for Mexican priests is still quite strictly enforced in the nation's capital.

The 150th anniversary celebration of the liberation of slaves took place on December 6 in Guadalajara, Mexico's second largest city, and I had the occasion to watch the festivities presided over by President López Mateos. For a foreign observer, the *éclat* of nineteenth- and early twentieth-century nationalism was interesting to watch—the ocean of flags, the millions of slogans ("to be a Mexican means to be a free man"), the ever-present portraits of the President and of Father Hidalgo, the decoration and illumination of the churches, including the cathedral of Cardinal Garribi, Mexico's first Cardinal.

Nationalization Proceeds

Big business still feels the pressure of a state which is programmatically socialistic. The socialization of electric power has been followed by an even more questionable nationalization of the movie houses. In both cases, incidentally, full compensation has been promised (or given) to the former owners, and impartial observers think that the government —"unfortunately," they add—had a case so far as the movie theaters were concerned.

Two men held a monopoly on the movie theaters and the No. 2 man, an American, was generally regarded the straw man of No. 1, a Mexican. All smaller entrepreneurs had been eliminated, and often quite brutally so, which is not in keeping with genuine free enterprise notions.

The serious aspect of this new nationalization lies in the fact that the government will have full control of the movies shown and also of the candy-selling in the foyers, a monopoly so far held by the sister of No. 1. This new move has ideological and political implications of a truly totalitarian nature. There will be a tendency first to decrease and then to increase admission prices, once the public asks for fun on the screen rather than for artistic edification or ideological instruction. And then other troubles will begin.

As Mexicans know only too well, government controls involve costs which the consumer has to meet. Truly free enterprise and free trade are indeed more economical for the individual citizen, as testified by the interesting case of the sickle in Mexico. Austrian-made sickles cost wholesale, f.o.b. Veracruz, four pesos; they were sold retail for seven pesos. Now a Mexican factory, heavily protected by tariffs, produces them at a wholesale price of seven pesos and they are sold retail for thirteen, which to the poor peasant makes quite a difference. The rise in cost means a whole day's wages for a farm laborer. And general poverty is still the keynote of Mexico's rural life, since the government never had the money properly to finance the agrarian reform undertaken largely for ideological reasons.

Still, when everything is said and done, one ought to note with satisfaction that all the blandishments from Cuba have fallen on deaf ears here (exceptions only prove the rule), and that in spite of the continued socialization, the word "Communist" has become a very, very bad word indeed.

White and Black in Africa

A hard look at some of the roadblocks in the path of that "revolution of rising expectations" of which Chester Bowles might never have heard

PETER DUIGNAN and
LEWIS HENRY GANN

Within the last few years, America has suddenly become aware of Africa. The Dark Continent has become news and the market for books on Africa is expanding swiftly. But the spate of new publications has not prevented many misconceptions from taking root in the United States.

First, there is the fundamental error that Africa south of the Sahara is overpopulated. This is not so. Africa is one of the world's last remaining frontiers, and what it needs is not birth control, but immigrants. Over much of Black Africa the birth-rate increase averages about one and a half and two per cent per annum, which is not an unusual rate. The density of population furthermore is extraordinarily low, *e.g.*, in northern Rhodesia it is 6.3 per square mile. Bantu Africa's major problem is the fact that there simply are not enough hands to do all the jobs needed—be it exterminating the tsetse fly, building dams, or opening new factories

Even more dangerous is the neo-romantic mystique that is developing round the black man. The view of a nationalist like Kenyatta that "the African is conditioned to a freedom of which Europe has little conception" is understandable as a reaction against the former Hobbesian view of the African as a depraved savage, nothing more. All the same, loose thinking about *négritude* and black *sagesse* is not very helpful. It is the exact counterpiece to the musings of Nazi racialists who dreamed of pure-minded ancient Teutons, joyous in the possession of primitive liberty. Anthropologists will agree that in tribal life—whether Teutonic or African—there was very limited freedom. The tribesman's opportunities to choose, which are the content of true liberty, were in fact immeasurably increased by the coming of the white man.

More serious still is the point of view popularized by Chester Bowles and others, that America should cut its ties with the colonial powers and identify itself solely with the rising African Nationalist movements. Bowles' book, *Africa's Challenge to America*, attempts to show that the Dark Continent is vital to the West and esssential to American security, both for economic and strategic reasons. If Africa is to be held, he argues, the black man's confidence must be secured, the "revolution of rising expectations" and the drive towards racial equality and political independence must everywhere be accepted. America therefore must take the lead in liquidating colonialism in Africa. African nationalists, Bowles then goes on to say, should be supported in the Trusteeship Council and similar agencies; economic aid should be given by means of heavy capital investments; pressure moreover should be put on America's NATO allies.

Are Whites Intruders?

As far as Africa is concerned, Bowles thinks that his policy would be reasonably easy to apply if it were not for the presence of permanently settled European communities in South, Central and North Africa. For "wherever Europeans have planted themselves on the land, they have created an explosive situation." It is the "white man's pride of race" that inhibits peaceful readjustment and prevents the political and economic aspirations of the black masses from being met. The ideal solution apparently would be that suggested by an unnamed Belgian official who, if he were made Governor of Kenya, "would float a loan . . . buy the land and move the white settlers out—even if it required all NATO armies." Power must pass into African hands.

Now, this view depends on a large number of highly questionable assumptions. First of all, the white man appears somehow or other as a sort of illegal immigrant, an alien who sneaked in outside his national quota and was never cleared at Ellis Island. This point of view however is quite untenable. The European, settled in Africa for two or three hundred years, is an integral part of the continent. Wherever white settlement occurred, there was economic progress, and progress in turn meant that there was more—not less—economic advancement for Africans. Take for example the Union of South Africa with its three million whites. This is the country that current Liberal mythology has cast for the role of the World's Public Enemy Number One. But despite the Union's color-bar legislation, there are in fact more skilled African workers and more black professional men south of the Limpopo River than in any other part of the continent. Admittedly, European settlement and economic development brought enormous social problems to Africa. But so did industrialization in all other countries where it occurred. In the long run, however, the problems of an industrialized society are easier to solve than those of "underdeveloped" ones, whatever romantics and pseudo-sociologists may say. This is in fact one of the reasons why there is little justification for speaking in terms of a revolutionary outbreak in Capetown or Johannesburg, which convulsion "is bound to touch off a continental human earthquake." South Africa, with by far the most mature economy, the most highly integrated industrial apparatus and the strongest state machinery in Africa, is further removed from a revolutionary situation (as opposed to sporadic rioting) than any other part of the continent; nowhere are conditions less suitable for a ris-

ing than in the land of Verwoerd.

The myth of a spontaneous revolt setting off other risings in Africa is based on a misreading of history. It shows a complete misunderstanding of the way revolutions are made. The vision of the *levée en masse*, of a nation spontaneously casting off its chains, was a piece of French revolutionary war propaganda. But this is not the way power is seized. Revolutions must be planned, they require organization and carefully trained cadres. Before the first shot is fired, a successful infiltration into all positions of power, whether military, administrative or economic must have been made. The state machinery must have been fatally weakened, either by foreign war or complete internal decay. And none of these conditions apply in the Union of South Africa. The Union Government is neither weak nor seriously divided. Its armed forces and administration are both loyal and reasonably efficient. Its economy is expanding at a rate that would cause shrieks of admiration among fellow travelers, if achieved anywhere east of the Iron Curtain. As regards the African revolutionary, he has no friendly base from which to operate (as has the Algerian); he cannot control the towns; he does not hold any key position in industry, the police, the administration or the armed forces. Above all, he lacks organization and disciplined leadership.

Industrialization Needed

In any case, it is not at all true that all Union Africans live in misery and despair. Admittedly, by Western European standards living conditions are often appalling. Yet by the standards of a country like Ethiopia, or of those in the Bandung group, the condition of the African masses is by no means bad. Not all the slums, the malnutrition and disease are due to color oppression. The problems of development are overwhelming, and even with the best will in the world, Africa's problems are not easy to solve. They require, above all, two things; industrialization and greater agricultural productivity. Tremendous progress is certainly being made in the Union in these two fields. In fact, to use Lenin's phrase, Africans are "voting with their legs" to enter South Africa

from territories as far distant as Tanganyika, Nyasaland and northern Rhodesia to share in the Union's expanding wealth—color bar or no color bar.

As for the question of providing capital for Africa, development from outside can raise questions seldom considered by Americans. Development of a backward country is not just a matter of pouring capital into a colony, of sending in the right machine. What matters is the men. It is not so easy to get first class hydrologists, agricultural engineers, agronomists, or even honest and efficient "kaffir store" keepers, to settle down in some remote spot in the African bush. The need is for men to use the capital that might turn the continent into a productive machine, and Africa is not likely to produce such men for many years to come.

It is equally unrealistic to talk of investigating the complaint "made by independent African states that capital prefers to flow to colonial areas." Capital is scarce—it is not a matter of greedy capitalists needlessly withholding money from poor but honest African states. All too few of the newly "liberated" states of Afro-Asia have proven themselves to be "good risks"; they have not yet shown that they can create conditions favorable to economic development. The temptation to exploit foreign investors or to confiscate foreign businesses may prove too strong for weak regimes. Even more serious is the lack of social capital. Skilled workers and technicians, habits of industry, traditions of craftsmanship and honest administration are all too often lacking and cannot suddenly be created by waving a magic wand. It is unfortunately easier to find black politicians than black engineers and managers. The educated African often misrepresents or misunderstands this fact. He thinks that because he has had a college education, he can run the government better than the colonialist can. But this is not necessarily true.

Millions Poured In

The *Saturday Review* in its July 19, 1958 issue stated that Africa is "a museum of capital-starved chaotic fragments"—nothing could be more remote from the truth. With the French, Belgians and British, not to mention Americans, pouring millions of dollars into Africa, it is hard to see how such a charge could be made. For example, the French, through their "Investment Fund for Economic and Social Development" and "The Central Fund for France Overseas" have sent 700 (U.S. $2 B) billion francs to Black Africa since 1946. These figures do not include private French investments. To finance their Ten-Year-Plan in the Congo, the Belgians invested $1.96 billion, while Great Britain found capital to the tune of $1.5 billion for the period 1946 to 1956. One can of course argue that even these vast sums are not enough; that in many areas the colonial powers have been interested more in the development of raw materials than in building more diversified economies. Nevertheless, de-

velopment is taking place on a very large scale in all spheres of life, and most of all in those countries where whites have settled.

In addition to these economic misconceptions, there is also the mistaken belief that political independence for underdeveloped countries necessarily promotes development. When Indonesia got rid of the Dutch, she did not expand her economy, she contracted it.

Democracy or Dictatorship?

Neither is it true to suppose that political independence, even when linked to some degree of economic development in a backward area, will lead to the emergence of the kind of liberal parliamentary democracy of which Bowles and others are thinking. The evidence tends the other way. The alternative to the Hapsburg Empire in southeastern Europe was not a democratic confederacy, even though there was some economic development, and even though the Empire was partitioned on the principle of national self-determination. What emerged was, except for Czechoslovakia with its relatively highly developed middle class, a series of thinly disguised dictatorships, possessed of a most unfortunate knack of persecuting minorities, and characterized moreover by a marked inability to defend themselves when challenged from without. The problem of minorities, one might add for the benefit of fellow travelers, does not become easier to solve under Marxist regimes, even though these may be theoretically based on the principle that class, not race, is the decisive element in history. The setting up of People's Democracies in Czechoslovakia and Poland was accompanied by mass expulsions of Germans and Hungarians, regardless of social origins, expulsions so vast in scale that even the most ruthless "bourgeois nationalist" might have envied them. When Soviet Russia occupied southern Sakhalin after the Second World War she also expelled most of its Japanese population, workers and peasants alike, a fact that does not appear to have noticeably worried Asian Bandungites.

The fear of European minorities in Africa, that rule by a black majority would mean the end of their own national existence, cannot therefore simply be regarded as irrational manifestations of color prejudice. European fears of minority status are all too well underlined by the experience of other minorities in other parts of the world, be they Armenians in the Ottoman Empire, Greeks in Anatolia, Jews in central and eastern Europe, Japanese in Russian-occupied Sakhalin, Dutch in Indonesia, or "foreign Africans" in the Ivory Coast, 20,000 of whom were deported in 1958. The apprehensions of Europeans in Africa will not be allayed by promises or by international guarantees. The history of international intervention on behalf of minorities is a melancholy one. The Jews in newly independent Rumania received, during the last century, the most specific promises of protection—but these were of no avail. Attempts to maintain law and order in strife-ridden Macedonia, made before the First World War by an international gendarmerie, proved to be a complete failure. Most of the newly independent Arab states also treated their minorities badly after the Second World War.

What is involved is not only an exercise in ethics, but a transfer of power, which raises problems of the grimmest kind. Some African leaders are aware of the difficulties. Nationalist and revolutionary movements have, in general, become more, not less, radical once in power. The maximum demands of one day become the minimum demands of the next; the Girondistes are beheaded by the Jacobins; Kerensky fell before the Bolsheviks. (This is not a plea for rigid *immobilisme*, but rather for a cautious recognition of the facts.)

There cannot, thus, be any simple rule of thumb for the conduct of American foreign policy in Africa. What is needed is flexibility; realism and, above all, avoidance of the view that American policy must somehow or other be ideologically *gleichgeschaltet*. Israel, for instance, enjoys perfectly amicable relations with Ghana and South Africa alike. The Soviet Union supports a "feudalist" regime in Afghanistan, an emergent "national bourgeoisie" in Egypt and a party bureaucracy in Albania. What matters in the long run is not only theory; it is also power.

Common Sense and Liberalism

To base foreign policy on some kind of Liberal "loyalty test" will not serve American interests—and neither will it lead to the results expected by Bowles. American political and economic warfare against the Nationalists in South Africa, to take a concrete example, would not "liberalize" the Union, and a boycott would be no more effective than that against Fascist Italy or Communist China. It would simply drive the Nationalist regime into the neutralist camp, on the basis of "mutual respect of one another's social systems," confirm it in a self-sufficient isolationalism, and deprive NATO of one of its most vital strategic positions. American support of the Algerian nationalists, to take another instance, would not create a democratic Algeria. But it might lead to a crushing French military defeat, which would in turn saddle France with a beaten and mutinous army of 400,000 men and 1,000,000 refugees, possibly bring to power a Fascist regime in Paris, and with it the breakup of NATO and the probable expulsion of the substantial Algerian minority in France.

To brush aside such considerations does not constitute political idealism; it simply shows a deplorable absence of common sense. For, let it be stressed once more, the relations between states, including the East, West and neutralist nations, are not governed by the laws of some imaginary Smithian political market economy, where states buy their ideological and political requirements in the cheapest market, and sell their services in the dearest. Foreign policy is subject to considerations much more complex than these, and these problems the West cannot afford to ignore.

Cui Bono?

Who gives with sympathy and love
I view with honor unalloyed;
But, brother, how I weary of
The practicing philanthropoid.

CORINNA MARSH

Dirty Word in U.S. Education

ABE KALISH

American educators have recently been showing an increasing awareness of the existence of the gifted child. No longer is he dismissed merely as another "deviate"—albeit a "fortunate" one. Instead, we now hear of high-level conferences, stirring calls to action and glowing promises of special counselling, aptitude tests, enrichment programs and multi-track systems to take care of our bright youngsters.

Amid all this hubbub, one vital fact is almost completely ignored, namely, the virtual extinction of the generations-old practice of grade-skipping. In former years, the child judged by his teachers as capable of doing more advanced work was allowed to skip a grade. A few years later, the child still mentally ahead of his class might be moved up another grade. As a rule there was little skipping of grades in high school where the study of literature, foreign languages, mathematics and science could more easily absorb wide ranges of ability.

This procedure, plus the fact that many youngsters were allowed to start school when they were five years old, meant that seventeen was considered a normal age for entering college; while a sizable proportion of students became college freshmen when they were even younger.

There were a number of advantages for the bright student in this setup. Not only did it eliminate the dangers of boredom, it also presented the serious-minded, ambitious children of poor families their great opportunity to go to college. For in many instances, family finances could not support a potential breadwinner for an extra year or more.

Some time in the 1930s, however, the unproved contention that older children are, *per se*, mentally more mature and better able to absorb a college education came into vogue. The idea was also helped along by the large-scale unemployment prevalent at the time. The feeling was widespread that one way to solve the unemployment problem was to keep youngsters off the labor market as long as possible.

Whatever the particular combination of forces, the "Let's not rush children into college" philosophy became in rather short order public school policy. In area after area, the school entrance age was raised to six years, while skipping was quietly eliminated by administrative action. In time even the word became taboo in educational circles. It was replaced by the word "acceleration." A fundamental change had come about with the elimination of grade-skipping; it was better for the emotional makeup of the child, parents were told, for him to associate with his own age group.

Bright Students Held Back

In any case, the numerical results of the policy of holding back youngsters who are mentally ahead of their age group have already been reflected in U. S. census figures. In 1940, for example, the first year statistics on this category were compiled, there were 232,211 students in the 14-to-17 age group in college, or 15 per cent of a total college enrollment of 1,537,249. By 1955, the number of students in this group had dropped to 147,000, or 6 per cent of a total college enrollment of 2,379,000.

Projecting 1940 percentages into 1955 and later, we can safely surmise that current educational policies each year are holding back from college for a year or more, some 100,000 bright students. This situation is serious for those who have the ability to enter college at an early age are, by and large, those most capable of taking full advantage of the academic opportunities obtainable there.

In order to find out for my own satisfaction to what extent this analysis is justified, I recently made a study of the Harvard class of 1927 extending through its 30th anniversary. The class numbered 762. Fifty members of the class entered college when they were sixteen years old or less. All but seven of this group came from public schools. (In line with present trends, the Harvard class of 1956 had only 12 such youngsters out of a class of 1,050, or 1.2 per cent.)

Scholastically, the 50 youngsters of the class of 1927 had an outstanding record. During a period when scholarships were comparatively rare, 23 of the 50 won one or more scholarships, for a total of 44. The 50 won 30 per cent of the Group I ratings (3½ As and ½ B) and furnished 25 per cent of those who received *summa cum laude* degrees. Eight of the 50 were elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

Were the 50 grinds and hermits? The writer, a member of the class but not one of the 50, was fairly well acquainted with at least half of the group. Yet so well were they integrated with the other members of the class that only as a result of this study did he become aware that they were younger than most of his other classmates. He does, however, recall looking up to many of the 50 as very bright fellow students whose opinions he and others regarded highly.

In sports, the 50 were not outstanding. They had a couple of representatives on the varsity football and baseball squads. One of the 50 made the varsity soccer team, another the basketball team. They were also represented on the track, cross-country and lacrosse squads.

Names of the 50 appeared frequently on the rosters of the language, science, chess and community service clubs. They were on the debating team, the glee club, the orchestra and the band. Almost one-third of the 50 were members of fraternities. One of the group was on the staff of the comic magazine. Two were on the staff of the college daily and one served as editor. Others were elected to the Student Council.

How did the 50 do after college? Six members or 12 per cent are in *Who's Who*. The rest of the class placed 8 per cent there. Six other members of the 50 appear in *Who's Who in Engineering* and other such lists. Still another six are doctors. Five of the doctors are specialists, all of whom have written papers for professional journals. There are also twelve practicing lawyers, six of whom have written articles for literary and professional publications.

There is little to differentiate the

50 from the rest of the class so far as interest in community affairs, politics and religion is concerned. It would thus be difficult to prove that they would have contributed more to their own or the national welfare had they started college later than they did.

A curious sidelight on the subject is that almost all of the group who offered an opinion on this matter said that it was a mistake to enter college as early as they had. They felt that they would have got more out of college if they had entered later. They expressed a contrary view, however, when they were asked pointblank, "If you had the choice today of entering college at sixteen or staying another year in high school, which would you choose?"

Special Report

Algeria and the French Left

THOMAS MOLNAR

In the early months of de Gaulle's regime the French Left was stunned. For a while the Left seemed to have been bereft of a program, for whole sectors of it—Communist, non-Communist, and Marxist-Catholic—had answered de Gaulle's nobly passionate call for unity and national resurgence. But now the Left has regained some of its old vigor and noise, as a result of two related circumstances: the continuing crisis in Algeria, and de Gaulle's unchecked drift toward the invitingly vague formula of an "Algerian" Algeria.

The Leftist attitude toward Algeria divides itself, like the tricolor, into three fields. One group of Leftists still count themselves in de Gaulle's camp. A second group, including socialists and radicals like Robert Lacoste, ex-premier Bourgès-Maunoury, and Max Lejeune, maintain that integration of Algeria and France is the only possible solution in the interest of civic peace in France and of Algeria's own future; this group has not accepted the Gaullist plan of "self-determination," nor has it accepted the etherized rhetoric of the intellectuals who foresee a closer rapport with Algeria, based on "fraternity" and "cultural ties," if she becomes independent. Finally, the rigorously ideological progressives, like the members of the Jeanson spy-ring, Sartre, Servan-Schreiber, the Catholic R. Barrat and Professor Mandouze, follow their abstractions to the absurd terminal point at which it becomes the highest act of patriotism to collaborate with the sworn enemy of their nation.

World Communism has always fascinated the French Left, and there is no doubt that the doctrine still holds them transfixed like mice before a swaying cobra. But in the Algerian situation the French Left acts also upon some fears and hopes that are more specific.

Fear of the Army

First, the French Left, which has feared and detested the army since the War of 1870 and especially since the Dreyfus case at the turn of the century, continues to distrust the army—for it sees in the army a reservoir of conservatism and "reaction" and a potential power in support of a rightist *coup d'état*. But the Left faces a dilemma in dealing with the army in Algeria. For, if the army stays there, its prestige as a constructive force in that community will grow, and its new recruits, when faced with the actual day-to-day facts of the situation, will quickly reject the hollow rhetoric of the Left; or, if the army returns to France and watches at a distance as Algeria tears itself asunder in civil disorder wilder than anything yet seen in the Congo, then the Left will find itself in the position of the Spanish Republic attacked by Franco, and there is no question that a humiliated army would try to seize power and that a civil war would ensue.

Second, the French Left rarely passes up an opportunity to demand that the French Army return from the "useless" embroilment in North Africa in order to balance in France the foreseeable rise of German military power in NATO and on the Continent. No doubt this argument will impress de Gaulle more strongly than any other the Left can advance, for de Gaulle relies on military presence in his pursuit of power policies in Europe. But this argument overlooks two facts: first, that the French Army in Algeria already occupies one of the most vital defense lines of the East-West war, which has spread to Ghana, Guinea, and the Congo; second, that the political and military confrontation of Germany today should not be the goal of France, but is the goal of the Soviet Union.

Third, for decades the French Left and Right have found in every event, whether domestic or foreign, an opportunity for maneuvering against each other. Today's Leftists who call themselves Gaullists have, in fact, no use for de Gaulle's policy of "self-determination," but urge instead that the rebel FLN be recognized as the lawful agent of Algeria. If the FLN can enter Algiers with the wreath of the victor, then the Left will have crushed the "ultras," humiliated the Right, and demoralized the army.

Finally, we must remind ourselves that the recurrent dream of the French Left is to build a socialist state. In this enterprise the Left was balked by the "bourgeois" reconstruction activities under the Marshall Plan after 1945, and during the cold war it has been hesitant to espouse openly the socialist doctrines of the enemy. But now, with a new Administration in the United States, the Left sees an opportunity for itself in the expected thaw in East-West relations. The eight years of Eisenhower, a "reactionary," are done. Now one strong blow in Algeria may topple de Gaulle before he has a chance to establish a more frankly "presidential" constitution, rout the army and the Right, and prepare the way for a popular front to resume the socialist experiments of the mid-thirties. For the realization of this dream the French Left, which is the most dedicated ideologically in the world, appears to be willing to pay a high price.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Culture in Saginaw

A school board, one might suppose, ought to be an institutional guardian of culture. One of the most important features of a genuine culture is an interesting architecture; and one of the marks of communal vitality is the preservation of a society's architectural and artistic heritage. Schools ought not to be merely factories for turning out diploma-bearers: real schools inculcate a sense of the great continuity which links generation with generation, and cultivate a taste for vigor and variety in the arts, including domestic architecture.

Kirk

But the record of American public school boards in such matters often has been lamentable. A generation ago, the school board of Richmond, Virginia, for instance, displayed a remarkable talent for selecting the finest and most historic mansions in that handsome city as targets for demolition, so that they might erect on their sites wondrously uninspired grade schools. Parochial school authorities sometimes have behaved as badly—on one of the principal squares of Savannah, for example, a few years ago.

In Saginaw, Michigan, the old Webber mansion, the best grand house remaining from Saginaw's flamboyant lumbering days, is threatened with demolition. It is the property of the Saginaw school board, which now desires to use the site as a parking lot. The board acquired the house in 1934 by buying up a $15,000 mortgage, and until recently used the building for the board's offices. Now it is to be swept away, unless the board comes to a satisfactory understanding with some citizens of Saginaw who would buy or lease the house and perhaps lodge in it a civic historical museum.

The Webber house, once called Jones' Folly, is flamboyant, fantastic, and a splendid example of the extravagances—and considerable attainments—of what sometimes is called, rather loosely, "American Gothic." With its tower, arched windows, console-supported roofs, and big chimneys, it has a massive if grandiose dignity. "Posey" Jones, school inspector and school board member, who came to Saginaw about 1848, began building the house in 1876, but slipped into bankruptcy; and his friend Webber completed it about 1883. Decorated plaster ceilings, marble and carved fireplaces, curious marble radiators, and some admirable panelling and woodwork remain within—though the school board had wreckers begin to exercise their talents on the woodwork, until a local lawyer obtained a court injunction to forbid demolition until interested Saginaw citizens might persuade the board to alter its grim decision. Two large air-conditioned vaults in the building would be highly suitable for the storage of historical documents and antique articles. The rooms are very spacious, and the corridors on all three floors are wide, with tall ceilings, so that they would provide ample space for display cases and mural exhibits. House and grounds occupy nearly a city block, only a few hundred yards distant from the main post office in Saginaw; and they give rather the appearance of a very small London square. Saginaw has no historical museum as yet; and, being a place of some tradition and some surviving local color, needs just that. A modern glass box of a building for an historical museum would not be one-tenth so satisfactory as the Webber mansion.

The president of the American National Trust for Historic Preservation has made a strong appeal to the members of the Saginaw school board to save the house; and Professor Emil Lorch, of the University of Michigan, the distinguished historian of architecture, also has come out for preservation. Certain Saginaw architects who ought to support any plan for saving the house have failed, however, to aid the Heritage Committee organized by concerned Saginaw people—perhaps because they fear to offend the Board of Education, which has in its gift lucrative contracts for building new schools—and parking lots. It is much to the credit of the Saginaw city council that the municipal authorities have tried to persuade the school board to spare this remarkable period piece.

Parking Lots or Traditions?

In recent years, Saginaw has lost by demolition several of its interesting buildings. If others go—and especially the Webber mansion—Saginaw will become merely one more dreary and characterless minor city, without visible memorials of its past. What Joubert told Frenchmen at the end of the eighteenth century is still more pertinent in modern America: "These buildings are the ties which unite one generation to another. Conserve the things on which your fathers have looked."

If private citizens or the Saginaw municipal authorities are willing to undertake the conversion of the mansion to an historical museum or some other function, surely it would be no great sacrifice for the Board of Education to grant them easy terms. No new parking lot is worth the despoiling of a city's traditions. As Mr. Walter Lippmann wrote once, "It is hard to learn to love the new gas station which stands where the wild honeysuckle used to grow." And in Burke's words, "For us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely."

There is more to a decent education than plodding through a few shallow textbooks and going to the school football games. One result of that education ought to be a respect for the past and a regard for the prospects of generations yet unborn. And school boards, I venture to declare, ought to be more concerned with developing the imagination than with demolishing monuments.

The Bending of Human Souls

GERHART NIEMEYER

Military thinking, according to an old principle, turns on an estimate of the enemy's capabilities rather than his intentions. Political thinking, by contrast, gauges above all another power's motives. We twice entered a European war in order to prevent control of the Atlantic seacoast by a hostile power; we did so primarily not because Germany was stronger than Britain but because we had reason to fear her intentions. Estimating the real intentions of the Soviet leaders is today the foremost problem in our national political deliberations. Two views contend with each other for influence on governmental decisions: one sees in Soviet policy above all a government's concern for the security and welfare of a nation and its ruling class; the other perceives in Soviet conduct the irreconcilable struggle for revolutionary world conquest. While there is no disagreement over Communist ideology as such, including its goal of universal Communist power, the cleavage of opinion turns on the question whether the makers of Soviet policy do or do not "believe their own ideology."

Frank S. Meyer's *The Moulding of Communists*, though it sheds on this question the definitive light of "inside" information, has not been written to solve a national policy problem. It is a testimony offered from personal experience, a probing search into what went and goes on in the minds of people who, like the author, spent the formative years of their lives under Communist Party discipline. It is an analytical study as well as an understanding description of the type that goes under the name of Communist man. Both its understanding and its analysis presupposes an author who, once deeply and devotedly submerged in the Communist dreamworld, has not only emerged from it but also gained firm intellectual and spiritual ground from which to look back on his former experience without shuddering vertigo. He has succeeded in re-joining himself to reality so that he is able to achieve and communicate a profound and lucid explanation of what it is that moves and governs Communists.

Is it "belief in the ideology"? To some extent, emphatically yes, Meyer says, in the sense that a fundamental reliance on Almighty History permeates the whole being of a Communist. But Communists are moulded primarily not so much by acceptance of beliefs as by incessant training. Training here must not be understood in the analogy of Western formal education in courses. There are, of course, formal schools, but training goes on through continuous discussions, criticism, correction, clarification concerning not merely Communist Party actions but every aspect of a Party member's personal life. "Every Party meeting from the unit level to the level of national and international conventions, committees and bureaus, is considered and treated as an occasion for 'theoretical' analysis and discussion. . . . Unguarded expressions in ordinary conversations, sometimes on the most trivial subjects, are regarded as highly significant of 'weaknesses of understanding' and can become the subject of long campaigns of 'education.'"

The aim of this process? "The ideal type of the Communist . . . in whom all individual, emotional, and unconscious elements have been reduced to a minimum and subjected to the control of an iron will, informed by a supple intellect. That intellect is totally at the service of a single and compelling idea, made incarnate in the Communist Party: the concept of history as an inexorable god whose ways are revealed 'scientifically' through the doctrine and method of Marxism-Leninism." The training process serves to create not merely an attitude of intellectual assent, but an entire person whose every thought, trait and emotion is useful to the Party. That means that disturbing habits or attachments—not only virtuous loyalties but also vicious addictions—must be ruthlessly cut out, on penalty of expulsion. The surgery "stunts the person, placing him at the service of power, but it does remove the ache."

The Moulding of Communists, by Frank S. Meyer. Harcourt, $5.00

Communist training obviously differs from constructive human discipline, just as Communist ideology differs from the rational use of ideas. No elevation of human nature is possible without discipline, and all discipline is to some extent self-denial. Characteristic of Communist training, however, is its destructive impact: Entire elements of the human soul—those elements which do not form part of the broad purpose to "change the world"—are both denied reality and killed in the process of training. The process culminates not in an ennobled human being but in "either failure of the will to enforce dehumanization, followed by revolt and break from the Party; or the triumph of the will, fortified by cynicism and residual faith."

Whence this destructiveness of Communism, a destructiveness that is manifest in all its operations: its Party management, its governing of nations, its foreign policies, its cultural regime? All the evidence points to the ideological, *i.e.*, anti-rational character of the Communist system of beliefs and ideas as the root of the evil. Here is a problem to which

Meyer might have given additional attention. He does strongly insist on the key role which a "consciously held system of ideas" plays in the dynamics of the Communist personality, ideas without knowledge of which the "Communist cannot be understood." The importance of this "system of ideas" tempts him, however, to attribute to Communism an "overwhelming emphasis on the rational," a conclusion which simply does not fit the plentiful evidence of profound irrationality quoted on other pages of Meyer's book.

THE Communist doctrine is indeed a "system of ideas" but so is the mental world of the psychopath who imagines himself to be the Emperor of China. The Communist system is an elaboration of a profoundly anti-rational initial position. It begins with the denial of half of reality, namely the spiritual half, which denial is elevated to the rank of undispu'able dogma, after which all facts are forced into the mould of ideological confirmations. Meyer himself stresses this: "The Marxist-Leninist puts the faculty of judgment on all questions but operational ones into blinkers. It functions; it considers and judges; but it does so within the limits of one primordial judgment, that the leadership of the movement is *by its nature* right." Ethics are detached from a rational framework: good and evil are categories related not to human beings but to social forces; right is what serves the forces of inexorable History, everything else is wrong. The Communist begins to think after he has both denied and rejected the essential precariousness of the human situation. He is unwilling to accept the ultimate mystery of life and the risk of faith, both of which together make a rational access to life possible and meaningful. Instead, the Communist craves unlimited certainty through controlled "science" and unlimited mastery through the control of nature and man, both aspirations that deny the experiential ground of human finiteness.

It is because of its basic and wilful departure from reality that Communism is ideological rather than "scientific"; it is because its ideology implies the will to "change the world" in the image of its preconceived unreality that Communism is militantly destructive. Communism has often been called a religion. It is, to be sure, a system of beliefs touching on the fundamental questions of life, but its attitude to life and reality is, as Meyer himself points out, not that of religion but rather that of "magic." It is therefore anti-rational in the same sense in which astrology, alchemy and the Black Mass were anti-rational. Each of these used apparently "rational" trains of thought, thought which was bent to the service of fundamental anti-rationality and therefore turned demonically on God and man alike.

Lest it appear from this review that Meyer confines himself to a generalized analysis, let me hasten to assure the reader of the contrary. Not only does the second part of the book entirely deal with concrete practices of recruitment, the initiation and formation of new members, the discipline of the cadres, "criticism and self-criticism," Party schools, etc., but throughout the first part Meyer intersperses reports on particular cases of his personal experience. One might wish that he would have filled another fifty pages with such materials: few pages are so instructive as the one which reports on the homosexual who, at the direction of the Party, cured himself of his perversion within two days and turned into a family man. Lest it also appear that my criticism, as far as it goes, is more than a mild reservation, let me conclude by saying that this book should be ranked among the few that have really illuminated the phenomenon of Communism from within (in so far as so muddy a world *can* be illuminated at all). I have been profoundly taught by Bertram Wolfe's *Three Who Made a Revolution*, Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*, Wetter's *Dialectical Materialism*. To these I should now like to add Frank Meyer's *The Moulding of Communists*, the only book in this exclusive company that systematically explains the process of reversion from a human person to a Communist.

Fiction Chronicle

Into the Underbrush

JOAN DIDION

NOT long ago on *Open End*, that antic situation comedy in which David Susskind subs for Lucy, Pamela Mason observed that a man's unexpendability around the house ends with impregnation; after that, he might as well follow his natural tendency to "crack up and disappear into the underbrush." (Although she had been asked—along with Shelley Winters, Richard Breen, Dr. Frank Baxter and Steve Allen—to discuss National Purpose, the colloquy kept veering dizzily toward The Roles of the Sexes in a Changing World.) Because I considered Mrs. Mason's position fairly unexceptionable, I was both startled and enlightened when everyone else adopted, undeviatingly, the straight *McCall's* line. "You've rendered the male impotent," protested Susskind, once again exhibiting his sure grasp of the issues, and Breen delivered the majority decision by ruling that "the only sensible dictum for governing society is that a woman's place is in the home and so is a man's."

Because I had just read four new novels—two bad, two good—about men who crack up and disappear into the underbrush, all of this struck me as pretty interesting. There was once a day when we not only expected men to disappear but allowed them to do it with grace (*Daddy's gone to get a rabbit skin to wrap his baby bunting in*), to escape without cracking up: men on the run opened the

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A Sense of Values, by Sloan Wilson. Harper, $4.95
Vangel Griffin, by Herbert Lobsenz. Harper, $4.50
Death of Anger, by Allan Seager. Obolensky, $3.95
Rabbit, Run, by John Updike. Knopf, $4.00

China trade, struck silver in the Comstock, followed dirt roads to sell pots and pans and trombones. You wouldn't have caught Jessie Frémont expecting John to stick around the patio, puttering with the Rotobroil. But we've come a long way from the Frémonts: each of these four novels is a chronicle of dislocation, of recrimination, of error.

In the first of the two bad novels, Sloan Wilson's *A Sense of Values,*

the runaway is a "successful" cartoonist (Mr. Wilson indicates Irony by employing "successful" whenever an adjective seems in order) who wakes up at forty to ask what happened to his Art, to the golden girl he married, to his hopes, to passion, to, in brief, his Values. After 604 fairly stupefying pages ("Love!" he frets after his first flight from the marital nest. "Even the word sounded false, a bitter mockery. Love! What right had I to talk of that?") this particular "successful" cartoonist climbs back on the old six-fourteen out of Grand Central: "Her hands told me that she needed me . . . and the shrill keening of the vacuum cleaner in the next room suddenly seemed like music to me." (The lyric runs, *Who could ask for anything more?*)

A first novel and not quite so explicable, *Vangel Griffin* also features a protagonist who learns to fly right. (The author, a young man named Herbert Lobsenz, received—despite the noisy objections of Saul Bellow—the 1961 Harper Prize. Mr. Bellow promptly withdrew in protest from the board of judges, leaving only John Hutchens and Jean Stafford on the firing line.) The winning plot: At twenty-nine, Vangel Griffin decides to kick over the traces and kill himself, but not before spending a year in Spain. Once there, his frozen soul is thawed by a lady of impressive passions (his wife back home, like all those wives back home, is a naysayer) who eventually gets stabbed to death by her own somewhat quixotic brother. About this time, for reasons that remained obscure to me, Vangel Griffin sees that by returning to his wife and law firm he can somehow better realize his newfound ambition to "turn America into a democracy again." ("I know I'm only one man. . . . But one man can tell two men, two men can tell four, and someday—don't ask me when—a chain reaction of reason may sweep through the world." Someday—don't ask me when—it may even catch up with Mr. Hutchens and Miss Stafford.)

ENOUGH of all that. Each of the other two novels—Allan Seager's *Death of Anger* and John Updike's *Rabbit, Run*— is a pleasure, an original, a piece of sharp, controlled, *written* fiction. Totally different in intent, in technique, and in effect, the two share only that common plight of their protagonists: each is a man who wants to run.

Hugh Canning, the "I" of *Death of Anger,* grows up in the Midwest, goes to college, joins the country club, goes to war, inherits his father's factory, and marries the only woman he has ever wanted to own. Not long after their wedding, she spites him by going to bed and staying there for twelve years, growing fat on bonbons ordered from New York. (She does not like men.) Eventually, Canning runs, only to find that the split had always been within him, that the trouble travels with him, that he will never get closer than forty feet to whatever it was he almost wanted. He comes home; later, a drunken acquaintance asks: "You've seen the pictures of that harbor in Rio de Janeiro. How would you like to sit and look at it and drink until you could forget everything, the goddamned taxes, the goddamned unions, your goddamned family, everything?" Canning answers, "You wouldn't like it, Frank."

Hugh Canning is a failure of some complication; Mr. Seager tells his story with a subtle, deceptive aridity, a refusal to involve. John Updike's Rabbit Angstrom is a simpler kind of failure, and *Rabbit, Run* seems electric with Rabbit's own direct, mindless immediacy: it screams through Mr. Updike's insistence upon detail, through his floods of almost gratuitous imagery, through his exclusive use of the present tense. Even the milieu radiates a grubby urgency; Rabbit Angstrom lives not in the acceptable, easily overlooked landscape of Midwestern country clubs, but in a town some fifty miles from Philadelphia, across the tracks from Julian and Caroline English. His wife is not Hugh Canning's beautiful, grotesque, never-never Lesbian, but a depressingly real girl: pretty in high school, cries when pregnant, drinks too much and watches daytime television to blur the already fuzzy edges of her unfocused dissatisfaction. Rabbit is only slightly more articulate than she is about what he wants; he meditates upon the possible pleasures of "a barefoot du Pont." But unlike Hugh Canning, Rabbit runs for good. The difference between them is a generation or so of money and the irrevocable loss of innocence: to know what Hugh Canning knows, that a barefoot du Pont is just another woman, is to have secured the last safety hatch, closed the last

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frontier. As Canning says, "There was nothing I wanted as gift or accomplishment."

No more longing for the underbrush, no more mirages on the blue horizon; that loss of innocence has betrayed all of us, we are corrupt in the uncomfortable suspicion that Natty Bumppo was just another Rabbit Angstrom, self-deceived.

Nihil Obstat

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S.J., is one of those glamorous people you are always hearing about, and are left wanting to hear more. He is a dashing man, and an intimate of those among the high and mighty who are lucky enough to engross him—and how hard a job that must be! Once he told a reporter from the *New York Post* that Henry Luce tends to talk too much after dinner (theirs is a non-confessional relationship). He spends occasional weekends in Easthampton; and when he is the guest of honor, the list is screened with special care. He was appointed visiting lecturer at Yale University for one year in 1951. Half way through his stay he gave three public lectures. To everyone's astonishment, he filled the large Law School Auditorium to overflowing—an unheard-of feat for a resident scholar, let alone a minister of God.

We Hold These Truths, by John Courtney Murray, S.J. Sheed and Ward, $5.00

They say his enthusiasm for the uniquely American approach to Church and State, deemed inordinate, caused the Vatican to silence him for several years, a whisper that conjures up titillating visions of the Holy Father reading one of Father Murray's articles, and ringing for his censor. He is *America* Magazine's *ultima ratio*. When last summer the Norman Vincent Peale Committee was organized, on the program that a vote for Kennedy was a vote to repeal the First Amendment to the Constitution, the Jesuits fired their Big Bertha, and Dr. Peale fled from the field, mortally wounded. Fr. Murray's extraordinary forensic performances, uniting systematic thought, a dazzling syntactical resourcefulness, and the rhythm of an actor, leave even the most urbane audience gasping for breath. And now finally a book, his first, actually an agglutination of pieces he has published before here and there, mostly in the scholarly journals, expertly stitched together by himself and, one gathers, Editor Philip Scharper of Sheed and Ward.

What emerges? A man with commanding knowledge and piercing intuition who has probed silly and learned superstitions, and speaks to his fellow Catholics and/or fellow Americans from breathtaking heights whence he surveys the American and the world scene, creating thought and analysis which leave the reader

Father Murray

stunned with admiration and pleasure, as only the contact with a great thinker *and* a fine writer can do.

What does he tell us of special interest to those who are accustomed to view the Western world as divided between Liberals and conservatives? Enough to give true conservatives great nourishment, but not so much as to suggest he holds the Liberals to be unredeemable—that would be unpriestly. He is, clearly, uninterested in many of the problems that some of us consider if not central, at least urgent. (I doubt if he ever heard of the income tax.) He knows the totalist nature of the Communist movement, and uses blunt words to describe what are, indeed, the "stupidities"—his word—of our leaders during the postwar years. He knows that we have much to fear from our "ambiguists"—again his word, which he uses with zest, after apologizing for the "barbarism"—whom he does not identify by name, but who are, in public life, unmistakably Adlai Stevenson and George Kennan, those fastidious anti-statesmen who are so caught up with definitions that they lose sight of the meaning of the whole Western endeavor.

But he is never so specific as to identify himself with any current movement, except of course the Christian movement, and many Liberals will read his book with incomplete understanding, I like to feel, hovering over a few animadversions against right-wing stereotypes, and hastily drawing the conclusion that he is really on their side. (Some conservatives will do the inverse.) He has the priceless gift of knowing how to float an argument up and up, requiring those who would stay with him to shed all but their most cherished ideological encumbrances, just to keep up with him. It is worth the trip, for one listens there, in relative quiet, to the great force of his arguments. Many of his readers, back at their desks, will turn their exegetical energies to singling out and explaining how this piece of analysis, that paragraph, that phrase, gives aid and comfort to their own position. I shan't (unless I am challenged). I am content to say, Here is a noble statement that refreshes the imagination, to which I shall turn again and again, as is a great work's due.

FR. MURRAY deals in his book with many questions, political and philosophical, ranging all over the lot, touching deeply on censorship, humanism, foreign policy and other subjects. The first section, perhaps the most striking, is addressed to the recurring question: what does America stand for? WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS, he reminds an inattentive public who, alas, if they hold these truths, do not know they do. These truths, he says, are the patrimony of America. The Founders established a republic

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Books of Interest

Sermons and Soda-Water, by John O'Hara (Random House, $5.95). Three short novels that should have been shorter but still taste good like an O'Hara book should.

Songs of the Civil War, compiled by Irwin Silber (Columbia, $7.50). A most evocative collection, full of such rarely remembered lyrics as the last line of the seventh verse to "The Bonnie Blue Flag": "The single star of the Bonnie Blue flag has grown to be eleven."

Wild, Woolly, & Wicked, by Harry Sinclair Drago (Clarkson N. Potter, $5.00). For aficionados, a tour of the Kansas cow towns—Wichita, Abilene, Dodge and others—during their finest hours, when the cattle first came in from Texas on the New Western, the Jones and Plummer, the Chisholm Trails.

The Strategy of Desire, by Ernest Dichter (Doubleday, $3.95). An apologia for motivational research by the man who first gave Detroit the notion that the perfect blend of wife and mistress was a hardtop convertible.

on the presumption of a natural law the rudiments of which are intelligible to all rational men (*ut in pluribus*), the refinements of which our Lords Spiritual (the learned and conscientious elite) must elaborate for us. Evil times have overtaken us. The natural law, which is indestructible, exists, but we do not acknowledge it, and hence fail to elaborate a public consensus based on it. The consensus is probably still there, in the interstices of our mind, and the natural law continues to govern our soundest instincts and emotions. But during the last century we got way behind, we were dazed by the shock troops of epistemological relativism and still are. The century is of Comte, Freud, Marx and Dewey, and their industrious epigoni, who require such extensive educations to be so ignorant. We have failed to elaborate the consensus, admit its essential place in intelligible society, lavish upon it the kind of attention needed to rebuff the assault on the very idea of America. We are left with nothing substantive to believe in. "The consensus proper to [American liberal] society is purely procedural. It involves no agreement on the premises and purposes of political life and legal institutions; it is solely an agreement with regard to the method of making decisions and getting things done, whatever the things may be. The substance of American society is our 'democratic institutions,' conceived as purely formal categories. These institutions have no content; they are simply channels through which any kind of content may flow. In the end, the only life-or-death question for American society is that it should live or die under punctilious regard for correct democratic procedures."

That is not enough, obviously. And everyone appears to agree that is not enough, as witness the aching search for National Objectives. Every editor or foundation head in America worth his salt has during the past year commissioned his subordinates to find him a national objective, allowing, in the case of an opulent journal, as much as three months for the job. The need is patently there. It is a felt need, and that much is good. Fr. Murray wonders whether it will be found in time, and whether those who search for the public philosophy will turn, no doubt with anguished resignation, to the natural law: the neglected, tatterdemalion lode from which, if we set out to do it, we can mine a public philosophy which will bring the West out alive.

Records

Masters of the Beethoven Sonata

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

A CRITIC writes: Mr. X has not been faithful to the score of Beethoven's Opus Y. A critic writes: What Beethoven put down on paper is beyond the capacity of the human hand to transmit through the keyboard. He presumes that the pianist has deviated from the score because he cannot conquer it. But this is usually nonsense, for pianists today have developed technique to the point where they can waltz through the most outrageous passages. A case in point is Van Cliburn who makes the Romantics and the moderns seem facile, but goes nowhere with earlier music.

The liberties taken with Beethoven are imposed by the mind, not the fingers. To play him meaningfully, one must be possessed—as he was possessed—by passion and logic, by angels and devils, by tenderness and joy and the tragic sense of life. For the Beethoven piano sonatas, particularly the last three, are more than music. They are metaphysics translated into sound—and the cascading demisemiquavers, the page-long trills, the tortured fugues, and the *Gott-betrunkener* adagios and cantabiles speak differently to each interpreter. Composer and pianist must fuse into one being before they meet in the confessional of the sonatas.

My first intuition of this came when as an undergraduate I heard the old HMV recording of Artur Schnabel playing the Opus 111. Here was *katharsis,* Sophoclean in intensity, even in those breakneck syncopated passages which Bernard Shaw astutely realized were pure jazz in form and sensibility. But here, too, was Artur Schnabel, transmitting through his fingertips the Beethoven signal. Not long after, I heard Rudolf Serkin weld into cohesiveness by sheer intellectual will the superficially disjointed *Appassionata* which defeats so many pianists. The experience was not as incandescent—but it was superb performance.

Browsing among the two hundred recordings of the Beethoven sonatas, I have turned to those of Schnabel, Serkin, Walter Gieseking, and Solo-

mon—measuring them by this criterion of performance. Each of these pianists is unique in approach, variety of nuance, and personal degree of fidelity (or infidelity) to the written note. Each differs in concept, touch and phrasing. Yet each in his own way arrives at the composer's intent. In its infinite wisdom, RCA-Victor has removed from its active catalogue the historic Schnabel series and the Solomon recordings—but they can still be found in some shops, somewhere to the lee of Elvis Presley.

TOGETHER, these four pianists run the gamut of Beethoven interpretation. Solomon, traversing the complex and tempestuous pages of Opus 111 (RCA-Victor LM 1222), is all power and emotion, representing what musicologists like to call the "demonic" or "unbuttoned" Beethoven. Solomon slurs or misses notes, but he sweeps everything before him in that rage of music which was one facet of Beethoven's genius. Solomon is passionate throughout, even in the reflective cadences of the Adagio. The onrush of his style finds its apotheosis in the incredible syncopated passages I have mentioned. This is one voice.

Schnabel almost, though not quite, missed in those pages—because he was a different artist and a more exquisite technician. Yet there has been no one in our lifetime who could play Beethoven the way Schnabel did—just as there has been no one who with impeccable taste and an absence of all *schmaltz* could extract from the instrument such tone and color, such sweetness. In his reading of the *Appassionata* (RCA-Victor LM 2153), Schnabel preferred his own dynamics, his own tempo, his own embellishments, and his own deletions. Yet only a pedant would object. Introspection, lyricism, direction, and the communicated sense that he always knew precisely what he was doing and why—these were his distinguishing characteristics. The struck notes could be percussive or liquid—and his pianissimo was so delicate that you wondered if his fingers were touching the keys. Heart, mind and technique were an indissoluble trinity. This was another voice.

I think Beethoven would alternately applaud and groan were he to hear Schnabel or Solomon. He would be comfortable with Serkin. His *Pathétique, Moonlight* and *Appassionata* (Columbia ML 5164) are not projections of the Serkin personality. They sing on their own, but Serkin remains earnest, self-effacing and disciplined—even in the tumult of the *Moonlight's* final passage or the pensively tragic Adagio Cantabile of the *Pathétique*. Serkin derives from Schnabel, but his approach is more classical and intellectual. His brilliance is restrained, the contours of his interpretation are sharply defined.

In contrast, there is Gieseking's performance of Opus 109 and Opus 110 (Angel 35363). With Opus 111, these sonatas closed the door to music for the piano—just as the Beethoven symphonies opened the door for the orchestra. Gieseking was more at home with the Romantics than with Beethoven, and there are no echoes of Mozart in his playing. But Beethoven linked two musical eras, and Gieseking stands at the far end of the bridge. Being a Romantic himself, he was more interested in the "mood" than in the structure of the music. Yet in these sonatas, the ultimate in pianistics, there is validity to his manner. And there was a richness to Gieseking's playing—almost an opulence—which cannot be found in Schnabel, Solomon, or Serkin.

Which of the four speaks for Beethoven? All and none. They reflect four facets of Beethoven—and each one is rewarding.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WHY THE NORTH WON THE CIVIL WAR, edited by David Donald (Louisiana, $2.95). For years, Civil War fans lovingly refought each and every battle. Lately, the accent has been on "What Might Have Been" books, of which this slim volume is an interesting example. Five noted historians advance five different causes of the Southern defeat. All more or less reject the idea that the South never had a chance, and suggest that the main Confederate weakness was strategic: Jefferson Davis either could not or would not adopt coherent *political* policies that might have turned military successes into victory. Professor Donald, in the most interesting essay, suggests that the South "died of Democracy," a thesis which should startle many a reader.

J. P. MCFADDEN

THE LABYRINTHINE WAYS OF GRAHAM GREENE, by Francis L. Kunkel (Sheed and Ward, $3.50). When the ideas of Rousseau, newly in fashion, were aired before him, Dr. Johnson's only comment was: "Sir, don't cant about savages." Anyone acquainted with the endless talk about Graham Greene's fascination with evil may well echo the doctor's thunder: "Sir, don't cant about sin." Comparison with Mauriac, Bloy and Bernanos is inevitable in these discussions, but a truer estimate would place Greene with Poe. Each puts together a well-tooled shudder-machine, with trappings appropriate to their respective eras—the pale lord of the manor, the trench-coated spy. This calculatedly infernal machinery contains no human depths in itself, though it indicates dark recesses in the indecently expert showmanship. Those who have witnessed the sweaty and laborious business of finding a Faust in William Wilson or Scobie will not mind Mr. Kunkel's more superficial ripplings of Greene's pages—half the book spent in recounting the novels' plots, the other half in a panting series of comparisons, whole pages of the stuff: "Pinkie is a blend of Stavrogin . . . and Kirillov . . . and Pyotr Stepanovitch." He never *quite* says that Rowe is a combination of Hamlet, Agamemnon and the Hairy Ape.

G. WILLS

WHY I LIVE ON THE MOUNTAIN: 30 Chinese poems translated by C. W. Kwôck and Vincent McHugh (City Lights Books, 25 cents). The translations of these poems work phrase by phrase, emphasizing by cunning typography the circumambient space in which phrases may interact. The resulting poems are composed out of English clichés, but *composed;* samples do not thrill, and the work will not survive quotation in bits. Yet its wholeness grows on the reader. It is the best quarter's worth of the last two years.

H. KENNER

To the Editor

he doesnt ***dig Our Poetry***

from: a reader of the magazine *and* of poetry
to; the nr poetic license board

. loath as i am to disagree , publicly and too often
, with
my favorite magazine—alas
i *dont*
dig everything Swinging(thinking
as i *dont*: ah, art is frozen Zen) - , thus

before you start editors praising atonal moderns
, in music
and
expressionist moderns
, in painting

let me
state
what i think of your poetry exclamation points
. everywhere

no i wont
just let me put a few to professor kenner
, prof

whats
wrong
with

capitals, punctuation, paragraphing, et cetera—
would a few caps and dots really ruin such "delicate miracles"

why is it that some poetry must
be naked
of such things
stark and staring . . . naked and bleak . . . and some
drawn and
. quartered

prof, is it literary—is it literary dadaism—
is it art at all
or mere sadism poetic sadism
. question mark here

what, prof are these grotesques
that pass for form
and sprawl all over
our pages . . . like webs woven by half-wit spiders

the prof
actually said *more*
than pretty music . . . quoth he on nov 19 ! i gagged
hey, prof on *that* one
how about using "stop" or "x" instead of periods
that would be stimulating and *real* different difference *and*
distinction, tra-la

in finale, i know that with Big Brother Jack
in the big white house—1984 is just around the corner
but
ain't it a bit premature for newspeak in nr question marks
all over the place

Mountain Brook, Ala. JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER

A Conservative for Ike

As a confirmed conservative (see my 100 per cent voting record as published by the Civic Affairs Associates, Inc.), I have found much in your fine magazine that coincides with my own thinking and I want to thank you for your stimulating articles and editorials.

It so happens, also, that I am a great admirer of Dwight D. Eisenhower, and I believe that recorded history will list him as one of our greater Presidents. It was, therefore, with some disappointment that I read your editorial in the issue of January 14 entitled "So Long, Ike." As a matter of fact, I reread it twice and finally dismissed it as one man's opinion and, in fact, an indictment of the American people rather than of the outgoing President, as emphasized by your conviction that the voters would have overwhelmingly re-elected him—with all of his alleged shortcomings.

The Liberal press (the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *et. al.*) has continually criticized Ike for his handling of the Korean situation, the Hungarian debacle and now the crisis in Laos, and I note that these are issues upon which you also pillory him. What I would like to know is just what you would have done in each of these instances. Should we have stepped up the Korean War, bombed the Communists in Hungary, and landed our troops on Laos, or just what would you have had us do? I note in your editorial "Yanqui Sí?" in the same issue, that you forthrightly advocate a blockade of Cuba, and I am inclined to agree with you. I am, however, seriously interested in learning just what you feel we should have done in those situations upon which you base your indictment of one who is currently America's most beloved and honored citizen.

Washington, D.C. REP. PAUL B. DAGUE

We'd have a) followed the advice of General MacArthur in Korea; b) given the Communists an ultimatum to stay out of Hungary; c) declined to support the terms of the Indochina arrangements made in Geneva in 1954. A program stated thus simply appears simplistic. It is intelligible only in the context of analyses and policy recommendations which NATIONAL REVIEW *has elaborated over the five years of its existence, and which its*

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editors, notably James Burnham, pondered and explicated during the preceding decade (see, e.g., The Struggle for the World, The Coming Defeat of Communism, Containment or Liberation). *We are grateful for Congressman Dague's patient demurral, and earnestly hope to continue to please him, at least in matters not connected with the assessment of Mr. Eisenhower's stewardship.* —ED.

Mr. Landis' Proposals

Your editorial "The Federal Way" [January 14] is not entirely accurate about Mr. Landis' proposals. Mr. Landis did not propose that the President have power to designate that member of each commission who serves as chairman. On the contrary, Mr. Landis would give commission members longer terms so as to make the jobs more attractive. His Report expressly accepts the Supreme Court decision, referred to in your editorial, by which commission members have tenure.

Nor did Mr. Landis propose "still more" regulatory agencies; he proposed White House policy planning offices for communications and energy and the transfer to the White House from the Department of Commerce of the presently existing policy-planning office for transportation. The plans evolved by these offices would not have legal validity unless adopted by Congress or the regulatory agency having jurisdiction.

Mr. Landis also proposed a White House office of "Oversight" of the regulatory agencies. Although there is undoubtedly a Parkinson's Law element about this proposal, the agencies have become so numerous and their work so complex, that it is in order that some agency keep tabs on them. The Bureau of the Budget is already doing so in somewhat haphazard and extralegal fashion. An office expressly charged with and limited to that responsibility may be an improvement.

Although regulation may be offensive to laissez-faire ideologists, there is no politically important movement for abolition of the regulatory agencies. It seems best to try to make them efficient. I disagree with Mr. Landis on many of his presented views, but his organizational and procedural proposals are well presented and in my opinion deserve careful consideration.

New York City C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

Dalton Trumbo

James Burnham ["Treason à la Mode," December 31] lists Dalton Trumbo as a suspected traitor who has never answered the charges made against him to that effect. . . . He states that "[such] men, by their acts, have condoned the Communist enterprise and advanced its interests. Our society, by condoning the actions of these men, condones also the enterprise."

In the previous issue ["Nothing to Lose But the Price of Admission," December 17], Francis Russell devoted his column to the movie *Spartacus* and commented: "Dalton

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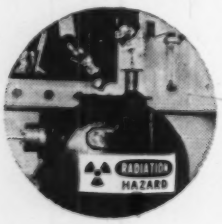
. . . Government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way.

Henry David Thoreau in
"Civil Disobedience"

The words of the Yankee political philosopher echo truer today than a century ago when they were written. Government produces nothing; government creates nothing. The engine of big government spending programs cannot be set in motion until it's fueled with what it has *first taken away* from each individual citizen.

The dignity of the individual and his freedom of enterprise must be upheld at every level — governmental, scholastic, business. *To encourage individual responsibility and to reward individual accomplishment is not only a philosophy at Brady . . . it's a fact!*



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Trumbo managed to write the screen play, and I am glad to see him back under his own name. When it gets to the point that congressional committees are driving our authors underground so that they have to give up their Esther Williams swimming pools, rent beards and write under aliases like Fred Engels, it is time somebody struck a blow for freedom."

In the light of these diverse statements, one wonders if Mr. Russell's comments on Dalton Trumbo's return were meant "tongue-in-cheek" or if it is NATIONAL REVIEW's new policy to present both sides, perhaps having made a New Year's resolution to become "turnips."

ANNETTE Y. COURTMANCHE
Springfield Gardens, N.Y.

Signed articles or reviews do not represent, necessarily, the views of the editors. —ED.

Absence of Provocation?

You propose blockading Cuba ["Yanqui Sí?" January 14] as the next step following cessation of diplomatic relations. How do you expect to institute and continue an effective blockade without declaring war? And how do you suggest we declare war, in the absence of provocation, without proving the Communists right in their accusations of "warmongering"?

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOSEPHINE R. EARL

The Cuban Government's studied violation of American rights is provocation, as also its satellization by a foreign power, in violation of the tradition of the Monroe Doctrine.—ED.

Fifth Anniversary

If you don't mind a belated comment on the Fifth Anniversary issue [November 19], that dais shot was grand, a sort of "Who's Who in Reaction."

Honolulu, Hawaii LARRY COTT

Yankee Slave-Traders

I have a bone to pick with William F. Rickenbacker ["Onward to Yesterday," December 31]. I heartily resent his dumping of the slavery of a hundred years ago in the lap of the South. It smacks of the ignorance of a do-gooding Harriet Beecher Stowe, who did not seem to know that the Southerner did not chase the Negro down in Africa for the purpose of selling him into slavery, nor traffick

in slaves for a trinket or a knife and haul them across the Atlantic for sale. If Mr. Rickenbacker will delve a little into the matter he will find that the latter was more than likely some Yankee trader.

Tallahassee, Fla. WILMA MAYO

Congratulations to William F. Rickenbacker for "Onward to Yesterday" [December 31]. Conservatism must be defined, explained and continually presented to the voters of America. . . . He made an exceptionally good analysis in language that will not scare off high school and college students. Let's have more of him.

Kenosha, Wis. MRS. JOHN GOODWIN

OK. —ED.

Bishop Pike Objects

Your correspondent, Mr. Donald D. Van Marter ["To the Editor," December 31], in his reaction to the question of Christian unity, describes Dr. Blake and myself as "famous for our left-of-center activities and pronouncements." Since "left-of-center" is hardly subject to precise definition (so much depends upon where you think "center" is), I suppose I cannot object too strongly to this.

I can object rather strongly, however, to your correspondent saying that anyone connected with me had "helped to foment" the "riotous demonstrations" against the House Un-American Activities Committee (in San Francisco, May 13). While it is true that a member of my staff read to a student group an official pronouncement of the Department of Social Relations of the Diocese of California, this statement had already appeared in print, and was hardly calculated to "help to foment" anything. Such senseless distortions do not make more attractive the position of those who would support the un-American activities of this committee.

THE RT. REV. JAMES A. PIKE
Bishop, Episcopal Diocese of California
San Francisco, Cal.

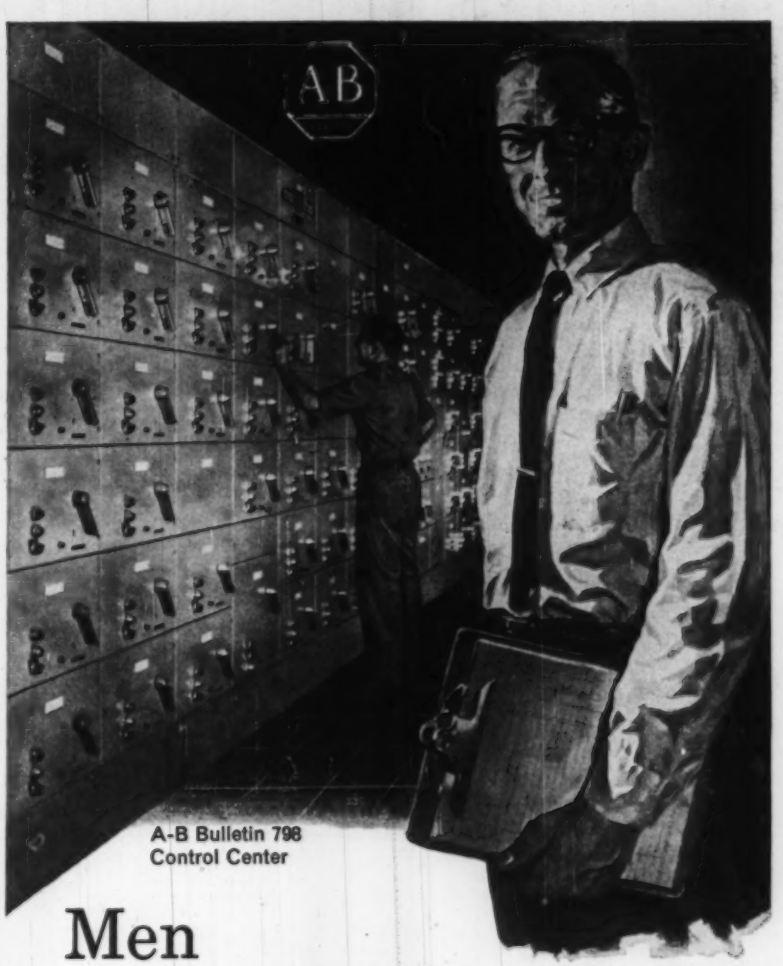
Where Are the Girls?

Regarding "Notes and Asides" ["Er, how do you like our pictures?" December 17]: Unretouched?

Also a bit monotonous with just male physiognomies.

Saint Leo, Fla. BROTHER BERNARD, O.S.B.

Brother! —ED.



A-B Bulletin 798
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